



THE  
PLAYS AND POEMS  
XX 36  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

(2)  
THE PROPERTY OF THE  
HOME DEPT.  
BY THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.





THE



AND POEMS

THE PROPERTY OF THE  
HOME DEPT.  
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WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CONTAINING

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.  
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.  
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.  
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.  
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

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M DCC XC.

MEASURE for MEASURE.

VOL. II.

B



## Persons Represented.

Vincentio, *duke of Vienna.*

Angelo, *lord deputy in the duke's absence.*

Escalus, *an ancient lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.*

Claudio, *a young gentleman.*

Lucio, *a fantastick.*

*Two other like gentlemen.*

Varrius \*, *a gentleman, servant to the duke.*

*Provost.*

Thomas, } *two friars.*

Peter;

*A justice.*

Elbow, *a simple constable.*

Froth, *a foolish gentleman.*

Clown, *servant to Mrs. Over-done.*

Abhorson, *an executioner.*

Barnardine, *a dissolute prisoner.*

Isabella, *sister to Claudio.*

Mariana, *betrothed to Angelo.*

Juliet, *beloved by Claudio.*

Francisca, *a nun.*

Mistress Overdone, *a bawd.*

*Lords, gentlemen, guards, officers, and other attendants.*

SCENE, Vienna.

\* Varrius might be omitted, for he is only once spoken to, and says nothing. JOHNSON.

# MEASURE for MEASURE.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter Duke, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke. Escalus,—

Escal. My Lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,  
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;

1 The story is taken from Cinthio's *Novels*, Decad. 8. Novel 5. Popp.

We are sent to Cinthio for the plot of *Measure for Measure*, and Shakspeare's judgment has been attacked for some deviations from him in the conduct of it, when probably all he knew of the matter was from *Madam Isabella*, in the *Heptameron* of Whetstone, Lond. 4to. 1582.— She reports, in the fourth dayes Exercise, the rare *Historie of Promos and Cassandra*. A marginal note informs us, that Whetstone was the author of the *Comedie* on that subject; which likewise had probably fallen into the hands of Shakspeare. FARMER.

There is perhaps not one of Shakspeare's plays more darkened than this by the peculiarities of its authour, and the unskilfulness of its editors, by distortions of phrase, or negligence of transcription. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare took the fable of this play from the *Promos and Cassandra* of G. Whetstone, published in 1578. See Theobald's note at the end.

A hint, like a seed, is more or less prolific, according to the qualities of the soil on which it is thrown. This story, which in the hands of Whetstone produced little more than barren insipidity, under the culture of Shakspeare became fertile of entertainment. The curious reader will find that the old play of *Promos and Cassandra* exhibits an almost complete embryo of *Measure for Measure*; yet the hints on which it is formed are so slight, that it is nearly as impossible to detect them, as it is to point out in the acorn the future ramifications of the oak.

The reader will find the argument of G. Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, at the end of this play. It is too bulky to be inserted here. See likewise the piece itself, among *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded* &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-cross. STEEVENS.

*Measure for Measure* was, I believe, written in 1603. See an Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays, ante. MALONE.

Since I am put to know<sup>2</sup>, that your own science  
Exceeds, in that, the lists<sup>3</sup> of all advice  
My strength can give you: Then no more remains,  
But that to your sufficiency<sup>\*\*</sup> as your worth is able,  
And let them work<sup>4</sup>. The nature of our people,  
Our city's institutions, and the terms

<sup>2</sup> Since I am put to know,—] I am put to know may mean, I am obliged to acknowledge. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part II. sc. i:

“—— had I first been put to speak my mind.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — lists] Bounds, limits. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — Then no more remains,

But that to your sufficiency<sup>\*\*</sup> as your worth is able,  
And let them work.] I have not the smallest doubt that the compositor's eye glanced from the middle of the second of these lines to that under it in the Ms. and that by this means two half lines have been omitted. The very same error may be found in *Macbeth*, edit. 1632:

“—— which, being taught, return,

“To plague the ingredients of our poison'd chalice

“To our own lips.”

Instead of

“—— which, being taught, return,

“To plague the inventor. This even-banded justice

“Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice” &c.

Again, in *Much ado about nothing*, edit. 1623. p. 103:

“And I will break with her. Was't not to this end, &c.”

Instead of

“And I will break with her, and with her father,

“And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end, &c.”

Mr. Theobald would supply the defect thus:

But that to your sufficiency you add

Due diligence, as your worth is able, &c.

Sir T. Hamner reads:

But that to your sufficiency you join

A will to serve us, as your worth is able, &c.

The following passage, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. which is constructed in a manner somewhat similar to the present when corrected, appears to me to strengthen the supposition that two half lines have been lost:

“Send danger from the east unto the west,

“So honour cross it from the north to south,

“And let them grapple.”

Sufficiency is skill in government; ability to execute his office. *And let them work*, a figurative expression; *Let them ferment*. MALONE.

Some words seem to have been lost here, the sense of which, perhaps, may be thus supplied:

—— then no more remains,

But that to your sufficiency you put

A zeal as willing as your worth is able, &c. TYRWHITT.

FOR

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

For common justice<sup>5</sup>, you are as pregnant in<sup>6</sup>,  
 As art and practice hath enriched any  
 That we remember: There is our commission,  
 From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,  
 I say, bid come before us Angelo.—[*Exit an attendant.*  
 What figure of us think you he will bear?  
 For you must know, we have with special soul<sup>7</sup>  
 Elected him our absence to supply;  
 Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love;  
 And given his deputation all the organs  
 Of our own power: What think you of it?  
*Escal.* If any in Vienna be of worth  
 To undergo such ample grace and honour,  
 It is lord Angelo.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Duke.* Look where he comes.  
*Ang.* Always obedient to your grace's will,  
 I come to know your pleasure.  
*Duke.* Angelo,  
 There is a kind of character in thy life,  
 That, to the observer, doth thy history<sup>8</sup>

Fully

<sup>5</sup> ——— and the terms

For common justice,] *Terms* means the technical language of the courts. An old book called *Les Termes de la Ley*, (written in Henry the Eighth's time) was in Shakespeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>6</sup> — as pregnant in,] *Pregnant* is ready, knowing. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — with special soul] By the words *with special soul* elected him, I believe, the poet meant no more than that he was the immediate choice of his heart. So, in the *Tempest*:

—— “for several virtues

“Have I lik'd several women, never any

“With so full soul, but some defect” &c. STEEVENS.

This seems to be only a translation of the usual formal words inserted in all royal grants: — “*de gratia nostra speciali, et ex mero motu*—” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *There is a kind of character in thy life,*

*That, to the observer, doth thy history*

Fully unfold:] What is there peculiar in this, that a man's life informs the observer of his history?

*History* may be taken in a more diffuse and licentious meaning, for *future occurrences*, or the part of life yet to come. If this sense be received, the passage is clear and proper. JOHNSON.

# 6 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Fully unfold: Thyself and thy belongings<sup>9</sup>  
 Are not thine own so proper<sup>1</sup>, as to waste  
 Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee<sup>2</sup>.  
 Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;  
 Not light them for themselves, for if our virtues<sup>3</sup>  
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'<sup>4</sup>,  
 But to fine issues<sup>4</sup>: nor nature never lends<sup>5</sup>  
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,  
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
 Herself the glory of a creditor,  
 Both thanks and use<sup>6</sup>. But I do bend my speech  
 To one that can my part in him advertise<sup>7</sup>;

Shakspeare has the same thought in *Henry IV.* which is some comment on this passage before us:

"There is a history in all men's lives,

"Figuring the nature of the times decrea'd:

"The which observ'd, a man may prophecy

"With a near aim, of the main chance of things

"As yet not come to life, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — thy belongings] i. e. endowments. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — are not *thine own so proper,*] i. e. are not so much thy own property. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — them on *thee.*] The old copy reads—*they* on thee. STEEVENS. Corrected by Sir Tho. Hanmer. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — for if our virtues &c.]

Paulum sepultæ distat inertis

Celata virtus.—Hor. THEOBALD.

<sup>4</sup> — to fine issues:] To great consequences; for high purposes. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — nor nature never lends] Two negatives, not employed to make an affirmative, are common in our author. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — she determines

Herself the glory of a creditor,

*Both thanks and use.*] i. e. She (Nature) requires and allots to herself the same advantages that creditors usually enjoy,—thanks for the endowments she has bestowed, and extraordinary exertions in those whom she hath thus favoured, by way of interest for what she has lent.

*Use,* in the phraseology of our author's age, signified interest of money. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in him advertise:] I believe, the meaning is,—I am talking to one who is himself already sufficiently conversant with the nature and duties of my office,—of that office, which I have now delegated to him. MALONE.

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

7

Hold therefore, Angelo<sup>8</sup>;  
In our remove, be thou at full ourself;  
Mortality and mercy in Vienna  
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Escalus,  
Though first in question<sup>9</sup>, is thy secondary:  
Take thy commission.

*Ang.* Now, good my lord,  
Let there be some more test made of my metal  
Before so noble and so great a figure  
Be stamp'd upon it.

*Duke.* No more evasion:  
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice<sup>1</sup>  
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.  
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,  
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd  
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,  
As time and our concernings shall importune,  
How it goes with us; and do look to know  
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:  
To the hopeful execution do I leave you  
Of your commissions.

<sup>8</sup> *Hold therefore, Angelo:]* That is, continue to be Angelo; *bold* as thou art. JOHNSON.

I believe that—*Hold therefore Angelo*, are the words which the duke utters on tendering his commission to him. He concludes with—*Take thy commission*. STEEVENS.

If a full point be put after *therefore*, the duke may be understood to speak of himself. *Hold therefore*, i. e. Let me therefore hold, or stop. And the sense of the whole passage may be this. The duke, who has begun an exhortation to Angelo, checks himself thus, "But I am speaking to one, that can in him [in, or by himself] apprehend my part [all that I have to say]: I will therefore say no more [on that subject]." He then merely signifies to Angelo his appointment.

TYRWHITT.

<sup>9</sup> —*first in question,*] That is, first called for; first appointed. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice]* *Leaven'd choice* is one of Shakspeare's harsh metaphors. His train of ideas seems to be this. *I have proceeded to you with choice* mature, concocted, fermented, *leavened*. When bread is *leavened* it is left to ferment: a *leavened* choice is therefore a choice not hasty, but considerate, not declared as soon as it fell into the imagination, but suffered to work long in the mind. JOHNSON.

*Ang.* Yet, give leave, my lord,  
That we may bring you something on the way<sup>2</sup>.

*Duke.* My haste may not admit it;  
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do  
With any scruple: your scope<sup>3</sup> is as mine own;  
So to enforce, or qualify the laws,  
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;  
I'll privily away: I love the people,  
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:  
Though it do well, I do not relish well  
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement;  
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,  
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

*Ang.* The heavens give safety to your purposes!

*Escal.* Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

*Duke.* I thank you: Fare you well.

[*Exit*]

*Escal.* I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave  
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me  
To look into the bottom of my place:  
A power I have; but of what strength and nature  
I am not yet instructed.

*Ang.* 'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw together,  
And we may soon our satisfaction have  
Touching that point.

*Escal.* I'll wait upon your honour:

[*Exeunt*]

## SCENE II:

*A Street.*

*Enter Lucio, and two Gentlemen.*

*Lucio.* If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to  
composition with the king of Hungary, why, then all the  
dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of  
Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

<sup>2</sup> — *bring you something on the way.*] i. e. accompany you. The  
same mode of expression is to be found in almost every writer of the  
times. REED.

<sup>3</sup> *your scope* —] That is, Your amplitude of power. *JOHN N.*

*Lucio*

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

9

*Lucio.* Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

*Lucio.* Ay, that he razed.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal: There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

*Lucio.* I believe thee; for, I think, thou never where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What? in metre?

*Lucio.* In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

*Lucio.* Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy<sup>5</sup>: As for example; Thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite on all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of sheers between us<sup>6</sup>.

*Lucio.* I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: Thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet<sup>7</sup>. Do I speak feelingly now?

*Lucio.*

4 — *in metre?*] In the primers, there are metrical graces, such as, I suppose, were used in Shakspeare's time. JOHNSON.

5 *Grace is grace, despite of all controversy:*] The question is, whether the second gentleman has ever heard grace. The first gentleman limits the question to *grace in metre*. *Lucio* enlarges it to *grace in any form or language*. The first gentleman, to go beyond him, says, or in *any religion*, which *Lucio* allows, because the nature of things is unalterable; grace is as immutably grace, as his merry antagonist is a wicked villain. Difference in religion cannot make a *grace* not to be *grace*, a prayer not to be *holy*; as nothing can make a *villain* not to be a *villain*. This seems to be the meaning, such as it is. JOHNSON.

6 — *there went but a pair of sheers between us.*] We are both of the same piece. JOHNSON.

7 — *pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet.*] The jest about the pile of a French velvet alludes to the loss of hair in the French disease.



*Lucio.* I think thou dost ; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech : I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health ; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myself wrong ; have I not ?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast ; whether thou art tainted or free.

1 *Gent.* Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes<sup>b</sup> ! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray ?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a year<sup>c</sup>.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

*Lucio.* A French crown more<sup>d</sup>.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me : but thou art full of error ; I am sound.

*Lucio.* Nay, not as one would say, healthy ; but so so sound, as things that are hollow : thy bones are hollow ; impiety has made a feast of thee.

*Enter Bawd.*

1 *Gent.* How now ? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica ?

*Bawd.* Well, well ; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

case, a very frequent topick of our author's jocularity. *Lucio* finding that the gentleman understands the distemper so well, and mentions it so feelingly, promises to remember to drink his *health*, but to forget to drink after him. It was the opinion of Shakspeare's time, that the cup of an infected person was contagious. JOHNSON.

The jest lies between the similar sound of the words *pill'd* and *pill'd*. This I have elsewhere explained, under a passage in *Henry VIII* : "*Pill'd* priest thou liest." STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> *Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes!*] In the old copy this speech, and the next but one, are attributed to *Lucio*. The present regulation was suggested by Mr. Pope. What *Lucio* says afterwards, "*A French crown more*," proves that it is right. He would not utter a sarcasm against himself. MALONE.

<sup>c</sup> *To three thousand dollars a year.*] A quibble intended between *dollars* and *doctors*. HANMER.

The same jest occurred before in the *Tempest*. JOHNSON.

<sup>d</sup> *A French crown more.*] *Lucio* means here not the piece of money so called, but that venereal scab, which among the surgeons is styled *venena Veneris*. THEOBALD.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

*Bawd.* Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

*Bawd.* Nay, but I know, 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopp'd off.

*Lucio.* But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

*Bawd.* I am too sure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

*Lucio.* Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

*Lucio.* Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt LUCIO and gentlemen.*]

*Bawd.* Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat,<sup>2</sup> what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-strunk. How now? what's the news with you?

*Enter Clown*<sup>3</sup>.

*Clown.* Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

*Bawd.* Well; what has he done?

*Clown.* A woman<sup>4</sup>.

*Bawd.*

<sup>2</sup> — *what with the sweat,*] This may allude to the sweating sickness, of which the memory was very fresh in the time of Shakspeare: but more probably to the method of cure then used for the diseases contracted in brothels. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Enter Clown.*] As this is the first clown who makes his appearance in the plays of our author, it may not be amiss, from a passage in *Tarlton's News out of Purgatory*, to point out one of the ancient dresses appropriated to the character: "— I sawe one attired in russet, with a button'd cap on his head, a bag by his side, and a strong bat in his hand; so artificially attired for a clowne, as I began to call Tarlton's wonted shape to remembrance." STEEVENS.

Such perhaps was the dress of the Clown in *All's well that ends well* and *Twelfth Night*; Touchstone in *As you like it*, &c. The present clown however (as an anonymous writer has observed) is only the tapster of a brothel, and probably was not so appareled. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *What has he done?*

*Clown. A woman.*] The ancient meaning of the verb to do (though now obsolete) may be guess'd at from the following passage:

"*Chiron*

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

*Barw.* But what's his offence?

*Clown.* Groping for trouts in a peculiar river<sup>5</sup>.

*Barw.* What, is there a maid with child by him?

*Clown.* No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

*Barw.* What proclamation, man?

*Clown.* All houses in the suburbs<sup>6</sup> of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

*Barw.* And what shall become of those in the city?

*Clown.* They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

*Barw.* But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down<sup>7</sup>?

*Clown.* To the ground, mistress.

*Barw.* Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

"*Chiron.* Thou hast undone our mother.

"*Aaron.* Villain, I've done thy mother." *Judas Andronicus.*

Again, in Ovid's *Elegies*, translated by Marlowe, printed at Middlebourg, no date:

"The strumpet with the stranger will not do,

"Before the room is clear, and door put to."

Hence the name of *Over-done*, which Shakspeare has appropriated to his *barw.* COLLINS.

<sup>5</sup> — in a peculiar river.] i.e. a river belonging to an individual; not publick property. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> All houses in the suburbs—] This is surely too general an expression, unless we suppose that all the houses in the suburbs were *barvdy-houses*. It appears too, from what the *barw.* says below, "*But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?*" that the clown had been particular in his description of the houses which were to be pulled down. I am therefore inclined to believe that we should read here, *all barvdy-houses*, or *all houses of resort* in the suburbs. FARMER.

<sup>7</sup> But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?] This will be understood from the Scotch law of *Jame's* time, concerning *buirs* (whores): "that comoun women be put at the utmost endes of townes, quere least perill of fire is." Hence *Ursula* the pig-woman, in *Baribolomew-Fair*: "I, I, gamesters, mock a plain, plump, soft wench of the suburbs, do!" FARMER.

See Martial, where *summeniana*, and *suburbana* are applied to prostitutes. STEEVENS.

The licenced houses of resort at Vienna are at this time all in the suburbs, under the permission of the Committee of Chastity. S. W.

*Clown.*

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

13

*Clown.* Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

*Bawd.* What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

*Clown.* Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*The same.*

*Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers;  
LUCIO and two Gentlemen.*

*Claud.* Fellow, why dost thou shew me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

*Prov.* I do it not in evil disposition,  
But from lord Angelo by special charge.

*Claud.* Thus can the demi-god, authority,  
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—  
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;  
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just<sup>a</sup>.

*Lucio.*

<sup>a</sup> *Thus can the demi-god, authority,*

*Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—*

*The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;*

*On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.]* The 'demi-god, Authority, makes us pay the full penalty of our offence, and its decrees are as little to be questioned as the words of heaven, which pronounces its pleasure thus;—I punish and remit punishment according to my own uncontrollable will; and yet who can say, what dost thou?—*Make us pay down for our offence by weight,* is a fine expression to signify paying the full penalty. The metaphor is taken from paying money by weight, which is always exact; not so by tale, on account of the practice of diminishing the species. WARBURTON.

I suspect that a line is lost. JOHNSON.

It may be read, *The sword of heaven.*

*Thus can the demi-god, Authority,*

*Make us pay down for our offence, by weight;—*

*The sword of heaven;—on whom &c.*

Authority is then poetically called the sword of heaven, which will spare

*Lucio.* Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

*Claud.* From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty :  
As surfeit is the father of much fast,  
So every scope by the immoderate use  
Turns to restraint : Our natures do pursue  
(Like rats that ravin<sup>9</sup> down their proper bane,)  
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

*Lucio.* If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors : And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality<sup>1</sup> of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

*Claud.* What, but to speak of would offend again.

*Lucio.* What is it? murder?

*Claud.* No.

or punish, as it is commanded. The alteration is slight, being made only by taking a single letter from the end of the word, and placing it at the beginning.

This very ingenious and elegant emendation<sup>6</sup> was suggested to me by the rev. Dr. Roberts, of Eaton; and it may be countenanced by the following passage in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594 :

“—In brief they are the *swords of beaven* to punish.”

Sir W. Davenant, who incorporated this play of *Shakspeare* with *Much ado about Nothing*, and formed out of them a Tragi-comedy called *The Law against Lovers*, omits the two last lines of this speech; I suppose, on account of their seeming obscurity. STEEVENS.

The very ingenious emendation proposed by Dr. Roberts is yet more strongly supported by another passage in the play before us, where this phrase occurs [act III. sc. last] :

“He who the *sword of beaven* will bear,

“Should be as holy as severe :”

yet I believe the old copy is right. MALONE.

Notwithstanding Dr. Roberts's ingenious conjecture, the text is certainly right. *Authority* being absolute in Angelo, is finely styled by Claudio, *the demi-god*. To his uncontrollable power, the poet applies a passage from St. Paul to the Romans, ch. ix. v. 15, 18, which he properly styles, *the words of beaven* : for he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, &c. And again : Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy, &c. HENLEY.

<sup>9</sup> *Like rats that ravin* &c.] To *ravin* was formerly used for eagerly or voraciously devouring any thing. REED.

*Ravin* is an ancient word for *prey*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — as the morality.—] The old copy has *mortality*. It was corrected by Sir William Davenant. MALONE.

*Lucio.*

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, fir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you. *[Takes him aside.]*

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true contract, I got<sup>2</sup> possession of Julietta's bed<sup>2</sup>; You know the lady; she is fast my wife, Save that we do the denunciation lack Of outward order: this we came not to, Only for propagation of a dower<sup>3</sup> Remaining in the coffer of her friends; From whom we thought it meet to hide our love, Till time had made them for us. But it chances, The stealth of our most mutual entertainment, With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappy, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,— Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness<sup>4</sup>; Or whether that the body publick be

<sup>2</sup> *I got possession of Julietta's bed, &c.*] This speech is surely too indelicate to be spoken concerning Juliet, before her face, for she appears to be brought in with the rest, though she has nothing to say. The Clown points her out as they enter; and yet from Claudio's telling Lucio, *that he knows the lady*, &c. one would think she was not meant to have made her personal appearance on the scene. STEVENS.

Claudio may be supposed to speak to Lucio apart. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Only for propagation of a dower*—] The meaning of the speaker is sufficiently clear, yet this term appears a very strange one. Sir William Davenant seems also to have thought so; for he reads

*"Only for the assurance of a dowry."*

Perhaps we should read—*only for prorogation*—. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness;*] Fault, I apprehend, does not refer to any enormous act done by the deputy, (as Dr. Johnson seems to have thought) but to newness. The fault and glimpse is the same as the faulty glimpse. And the meaning seems to be—*Whether it be the fault of newness, a fault arising from the mind being dazzled by a novel authority, of which the new governor has yet had only a glimpse,—has yet taken only a hasty survey; or whether &c.* Shakspeare has many similar expressions. MALONE.

A horse whereon the governor doth ride,  
 Who, newly in the seat, that it may know  
 He can command, let's it straight feel the spur:  
 Whether the tyranny be in his place,  
 Or in his eminence that fills it up,  
 I stagger in:—But this new governor  
 Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,  
 Which have, like unscour'd armour<sup>5</sup>, hung by the wall,  
 So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,  
 And none of them been worn; and, for a name,  
 Now puts the drowsy and neglected act  
 Freshly on me<sup>6</sup>:—'tis, surely, for a name.

*Lucio.* I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle<sup>7</sup>  
 on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may  
 figh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

*Claud.* I have done so, but he is not to be found.  
 I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service:  
 This day my sister should the cloister enter,  
 And there receive her approbation<sup>8</sup>:  
 Acquaint her with the danger of my state;

<sup>5</sup> — *like unscour'd armour,*] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"Like rusty mail in monumental mockery." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — — — *But this new governor*

*Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,*

*Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall,*

*So long — — —*

*Now puts the drowsy and neglected act*

*Freshly on me:]* Lord Strafford, in the conclusion of his Defence

in the House of Lords, had, perhaps, these lines in his thoughts:

"It is now full two hundred and forty years since any man was touched for this alledged crime, to this height, before myself.—Let us rest contented with that which our fathers have left us; and not awake those sleeping lions, to our own destruction, by raking up a few musty records, that have lain so many ages by the walls, quite forgotten and neglected."

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *so tickle]* i. e. ticklish. This word is frequently used by our old dramatick authors. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *her approbation:]* i. e. enter on her probation, or noviciate. So again, in this play:

"I, in probation of a sisterhood"—

Again, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

"Madam, for a twelvemonth's approbation,

"We mean to make the trial of our child." MALONE.

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends  
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him;  
I have great hope in that: for in her youth  
There is a prone and speechless dialect<sup>9</sup>,  
Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art,  
When she will play with reason and discourse,  
And well she can persuade.

*Lucio.* I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement  
of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition<sup>1</sup>; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be  
sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack<sup>2</sup>.  
I'll to her.

*Claud.* I thank you, good friend Lucio.

*Lucio.* Within two hours,—

*Claud.* Come, officer, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

*A Monastery.*

*Enter Duke, and Friar Thomas.*

*Duke.* No; holy father; throw away that thought;  
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love

<sup>9</sup> — prone and speechless dialect,] *Prone*, I believe, is used here for prompt, significant, expressive. (though speechless), as in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* it means ardent, head-strong, rushing forward to its object:

"O that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!" *MALONE.*

*Prone*, perhaps, may stand for bumble, as a prone posture is a posture of supplication. So, in the *Opportunity*, by Shirley, 1640:

"You have prostrate language."

The same thought occurs in the *Winter's Tale*:

"The silence often of pure innocence"

"Persuades, when speaking fails."

*Sir W. D'Avenant*, in his alteration of the play, changes *prone* to *swart*. I mention some of his variations, to shew that what appear difficulties to us were difficulties to him, who living nearer the time of *Shakspeare*, might be supposed to have understood his language more intimately. *STEEVENS.*

<sup>1</sup> —under grievous imposition;] I once thought it should be *inquisition*; but the present reading is probably right. *The crime would be under grievous penalties imposed.* *JOHNSON.*

<sup>2</sup> —lost at a game of tick-tack.] *Tick-tack* is a game at tables. "*Jouer au tric-trac*" is used in French, in a wanton sense. *MALONE.*



Can pierce a complete bosom<sup>3</sup>: why I desire thee  
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose  
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends  
Of burning youth.

*Fri. T.* May your grace speak of it?

*Duke.* My holy sir, none better knows than you  
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd<sup>4</sup>;  
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,  
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery<sup>5</sup> keeps.  
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo  
(A man of stricture<sup>6</sup>, and firm abstinence)  
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,  
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;  
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,  
And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious sir,  
You will demand of me, why I do this?

*Fri. T.* Gladly, my lord.

*Duke.* We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,  
(The needful bits and curbs to head-strong steeds,)  
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep<sup>7</sup>;

Even

<sup>3</sup> Believe not that the dribbling dart of love

Can pierce a complete bosom:] Think not that a breast completely armed can be pierced by the dart of love, that comes fluttering without force. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — the life remov'd;] i. e. a life of retirement, a life removed from the bustle of the world. STEEVENS.

So, in *Hamlet*: "It wasts you to a more removed ground." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — and witless' bravery—] *Bravery* in old language often means, splendour of dress. And was supplied by the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> A man of stricture,] Stricture for strictness. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,  
(The needful bits and curbs to head-strong steeds,)

Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep;] The old copy reads—head-strong steeds, and—let slip. Both the emendations were made by Mr. Theobald. The latter may derive support (as he has observed) from a subsequent line in this play:

"The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept."

So, also, from a passage in *Hamlet*:

"How stand I then,

"That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,

"Excitements of my reason and my blood,

"And let all sleep?"

If *sleep* be the true reading, (which, however, I do not believe,) the sense may

Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,  
 'That goes not out to prey : Now, as fond fathers  
 Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,  
 Only to stick it in their children's sight,  
 For terror, not to use ; in time the rod  
 Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd<sup>9</sup> : so our decrees,  
 Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;  
 And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;  
 The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart  
 Goes all decorum.

*Fri. T.* It rested in your grace  
 To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd :  
 And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,  
 Than in lord Angelo.

*Duke.* I do fear, too dreadful :  
 Sith<sup>9</sup> 'twas my fault to give the people scope,  
 'T would be my tyranny to strike, and gall them,  
 For what I bid them do : For we bid this be done,  
 When evil deeds have their permissive pass,  
 And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,  
 I have on Angelo impos'd the office ;  
 Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,  
 And yet my nature never in the fight,  
 To do it slander<sup>1</sup> : And to behold his sway,

may be, — which for these fourteen years we have suffered to pass unnoticed, unobserved ; for so the same phrase is used in *Twelfth Night* :  
 "Let him let this matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capulet."

Mr. Theobald altered *fourteen* to *nineteen*, to make the Duke's account correspond with a speech of Claudio's in a former scene, but without necessity ; for our author is often incorrect in the computation of time. MALONE.

Theobald's correction is misplaced. If any correction is really necessary, it should have been made where Claudio, in a foregoing line, says *nineteen* years. I am disposed to take the Duke's words. WHALLEY.

<sup>8</sup> Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd<sup>9</sup>.] *Becomes* was added by Mr. Pope to restore sense to the passage, some such word having been left out. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Sith—] i. e. since. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> To do it slander :] The original copy reads—To do in slander. The emendation was Sir Thomas Hanmer's. In the preceding line the first folio appears to have—*fight* ; which seems to be countenanced by the words *ambush* and *strike*. *Sight* was introduced by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,  
 Visit both prince and people : therefore, I pr'ythee,  
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me  
 How I may formally in person bear me<sup>2</sup>  
 Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,  
 At our more leisure shall I render you ;  
 Only, this one :—Lord Angelo is precise ;  
 Stands at a guard<sup>3</sup> with envy ; scarce confesses  
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite  
 Is more to bread than stone : Hence shall we see,  
 If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

## SCENE V.

A Nunnery.

*Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.**Isab.* And have you nuns no farther privileges ?*Fran.* Are not these large enough ?

*Isab.* Yes, truly : I speak not as desiring more ;  
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint  
 Upon the sister-hood, the votarists of saint Clare.

*Lucio.* [*within*] Ho ! Peace be in this place !*Isab.* Who's that which calls ?

*Fran.* It is a man's voice : Gentle Isabella,  
 Turn you the key, and know his business of him ;  
 You may, I may not ; you are yet unsworn :  
 When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,  
 But in the presence of the prioress :  
 Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face ;  
 Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.  
 He calls again ; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit FRAN.*]  
*Isab.* Peace and prosperity ! Who is't that calls ?

Hammer's emendation is supported by a passage in *Henry IV.* P. I. :

"Do me no slander, Douglass, I dare fight." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *in person bear me*] *Me*, which seems to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

So, in the *Tempest* :

"—— some good instruction give,

"How I may bear me here." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Stands at a guard*—] *Stands on terms of defiance.* JOHNSON.

*Ente*

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Enter LUCIO.

*Lucio.* Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses  
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,  
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,  
A novice of this place, and the fair sister  
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

*Isab.* Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;  
The rather, for I now must make you know  
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

*Lucio.* Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:  
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

*Isab.* Woe me! For what?

*Lucio.* For that, which, if myself might be his judge,  
He should receive his punishment in thanks:  
He hath got his friend with child.

*Isab.* Sir, mock me not:—your story.

*Lucio.* 'Tis true:—I would not.—Though 'tis my fa-  
miliar sin

With

4 For that, which, if myself might be his judge,] Perhaps these words  
were transposed at the press. The sense seems to require—That, for  
which, &c. MALONE.

5 Sir, make me not your story.] Thus the old copy. I have no doubt  
that we ought to read (as I have printed,) Sir, mock me not:—your story.  
So, in *Macbeth*:

“Thou com'st to use thy tongue:—thy story quickly.”

In *King Lear* we have—“Pray, do not mock me.”

I beseech you, Sir, (says Isabella) do not play upon my fears; reserve this  
idle talk for some other occasion;—proceed at once to your tale. Lucio's  
subsequent words, [“'Tis true,”—i. e. you are right; I thank you  
for reminding me; which, as the text has been hitherto printed, had no  
meaning, are then pertinent and clear. Mr. Pope was so sensible of  
the impossibility of reconciling them to what preceded in the old copy,  
that he fairly omitted them.

What Isabella says afterwards, fully supports this emendation:

“You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.”

I have observed that almost every passage in our author, in which  
there is either a broken speech, or a sudden transition without a connect-  
ing particle, has been corrupted by the carelessness of either the trans-  
criber or compositor. See a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act II. Sc. i:

“A man of—sovereign, peerless, he's esteem'd.”

And another on *Coriolanus*, Act I. Scene iv:

“You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues

“Plaister you o'er!” MALONE.

6 I would not.] i. e. Be assured, I would not mock you. So after-  
wards:

With maids to seem the lapwing<sup>1</sup>, and to jest,  
 Tongue far from heart<sup>2</sup>,—play with all virgins so,  
 I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted;  
 By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;  
 And to be talk'd with in sincerity,  
 As with a saint.

*Isab.* You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

*Lucio.* Do not believe it. Fewness and truth<sup>3</sup>, 'tis thus:  
 Your brother and his lover have embrac'd<sup>4</sup>:

wards: "Do not believe it;" i. e. Do not suppose that I would mock you. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *With maids to seem the lapwing,*] The lapwings fly with seeming fright and anxiety far from their nests, to deceive those who seek their young. HAMMER.

See Ray's Proverbs: "The lapwing cries, tongue far from heart." The farther she is from her nest, where her heart is with her young ones, she is the louder, or perhaps all tongue. SMITH.

See the Comedy of Errors, Act IV. Sc. iii. GREY.

<sup>2</sup> *Though 'tis my familiar sin*

*With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,*

*Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so, &c.]* This passage has been pointed in the modern editions thus:

'Tis true:—I would not (though 'tis my familiar sin

With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,

Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so:

I hold you &c.

According to this punctuation, Lucio is made to deliver a sentiment directly opposite to that which the authr intended. *Though 'tis my common practice to jest with and to deceive all virgins, I would not so play with all virgins.*

The sense, as the text is now regulated, appears to me clear and easy. 'Tis very true, (says he) *I ought indeed, as you say, to proceed at once to my story. Be assured, I would not mock you.* Though it is my familiar practice to jest with maidens, and, like the lapwing, to deceive them by my insincere prattle, though, I say, it is my ordinary and habitual practice to sport in this manner with all virgins, yet I should never think of treating you so; for I consider you, in consequence of your having renounced the world, as an immortal spirit, as one to whom I ought to speak with as much sincerity as if I were addressing a saint. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Fewness and truth,*] i. e. in few words, and those true ones. In few, is many times thus used by Shakspere. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Your brother and his lover—*] i. e. his mistress; lover, in our author's time, being applied to the female as well as the male sex. Thus, one of his poems, containing the lamentation of a deserted maiden, is entitled "A Lover's Complaint," MALONE.

As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,  
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings  
To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb  
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry<sup>2</sup>.

*Isab.* Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?

*Lucio.* Is she your cousin?

*Isab.* Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names,  
By vain though apt affection.

*Lucio.* She it is.

*Isab.* O, let him marry her!

*Lucio.* This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence;  
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,  
In hand, and hope of action<sup>3</sup>: but we do learn  
By those that know the very nerves of state,  
His givings out were of an infinite distance  
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,  
And with full line<sup>4</sup> of his authority,  
Governs lord Angelo; a man, whose blood  
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels  
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;  
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge  
With profits of the mind, study and fast.  
He (to give fear to use<sup>5</sup> and liberty,  
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,  
As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act,

<sup>2</sup> — as blossoming time,

*That from the seedness the bare fallow brings*

*To teeming foison; so her plenteous womb*

*Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.*] This sentence, as Dr.

Johnson has observed, is apparently ungrammatical. I suspect two half lines have been lost. •Perhaps however an imperfect sentence was intended, of which there are many instances in these plays:—or, *as* might have been used in the sense of *like*. *Teeming foison* is abundant plenty. *Tilth* is tillage. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Bore many gentlemen,——

*In hand and hope of action:*] *To bear in hand* is a common phrase for *to keep in expectation and dependance*; but we should read,

— with hope of action. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> And with full line—] With full extent, with the whole length.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — to give fear to use—] To intimidate *use*, that is, practices long countenanced by custom. JOHNSON.

Under whose heavy sense your brother's life  
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;  
And follows close the rigour of the statute,  
To make him an example: all hope is gone,  
Unless you have the grace <sup>6</sup> by your fair prayer  
To soften Angelo: and that's my pith  
Of business <sup>7</sup> twixt you and your poor brother.

*Isab.* Doth he so seek his life?

*Lucio.* Has censur'd him?

Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath  
A warrant for his execution.

*Isab.* Alas! what poor ability's in me  
To do him good?

*Lucio.* Assay the power you have.

*Isab.* My power! Alas! I doubt,—

*Lucio.* Our doubts are traitors,

And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo,  
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,  
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,  
All their petitions are as freely theirs <sup>9</sup>  
As they themselves would owe them <sup>1</sup>.

*Isab.* I'll see what I can do.

*Lucio.* But, speedily.

<sup>6</sup> Unless you have the grace—] That is, the acceptableness, the power of gaining favour. So, when she makes her suit, the provost says: *Heaven give thee moving graces!* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — my pith

*Of business*—] The inmost part, the main of my message. JOHNS.

<sup>8</sup> Has censur'd him—] We should read, I think, *He has censured him*, &c. In the Mss. of our author's time, and frequently in the printed copy of these plays, *he has*, when intended to be contracted, is written—*has*. Hence probably the mistake here. MALONE.

— censur'd him—] i.e. sentenced him. So, in *Othello*:

“ — to you, lord governor,

“ Remains the *censure* of this hellish villain.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> All their petitions are as freely theirs] All their requests are as freely granted to them, are granted in as full and beneficial a manner, as they themselves could wish. The editor of the second folio arbitrarily reads—*as truly theirs*; which has been followed in all the subsequent copies. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — would owe them.] To owe signifies in this place, as in many others, to possess, to have. STEEVENS.

*Isab.*

*Isab.* I will about it straight;  
No longer staying but to give the mother \*  
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:  
Commend me to my brother: soon at night  
I'll send him certain word of my success.

*Lucio.* I take my leave of you.

*Isab.* Good sir, adieu.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Hall in Angelo's House.*

*Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a Justice, Provost<sup>2</sup>, Officers,  
and other Attendants.*

*Ang.* We must not make a scare-crow of the law,  
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey<sup>3</sup>,  
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it  
Their perch, and not their terror.

*Escal.* Ay, but yet  
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,  
Than fall, and bruise to death<sup>4</sup>: Alas! this gentleman,  
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.  
Let but your honour know<sup>5</sup>,  
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,)

\* — *the mother*] The abbess, or prioress. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Provost*,] A provost is generally the executioner of an army.

STEEVENS.

"A Provost-martial" Minshew explains "*Prevost des Mareschaux* :  
"*Præfectus rerum capitalium, prætor rerum capitalium.*" REED.

A prison for military offenders is at this day, in some places, called the  
*Prevost*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *to fear the birds of prey*,] To fear is to affright, to terrify.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Than fall, and bruise to death*:] i. e. fall the axe;—or rather, let the  
criminal fall, &c. MALONE.

Shakspeare has used the same verb active in *the Comedy of Errors*,  
and *As you like it*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Let but your honour know*,] To know is here to examine, to take  
cognisance. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Therefore, fair *Hermia*, question your desires;

"Know of your truth, examine well your blood." JOHNSON.

That,



That, in the working of your own affections,  
 Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,  
 Or that the resolute acting of your blood<sup>6</sup>  
 Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,  
 Whether you ha. not sometime in your life  
 Err'd in this point which now you censure him<sup>7</sup>,  
 And pull'd the law upon you.

*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,  
 Another thing to fall. I not deny,  
 The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,  
 May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two  
 Guiltier than him they try: What's open made  
 To justice, that justice seizes. What know the laws,  
 That thieves do pass on thieves<sup>8</sup>? 'Tis very pregnant<sup>9</sup>,  
 The jewel that we find, we sloop and take it,  
 Because we see it; but what we do not see,  
 We tread upon, and never think of it.  
 You may not so extenuate his offence,<sup>6</sup>  
 For I have had such faults<sup>7</sup>, but rather tell me,  
 When I that censure him do so offend,  
 Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,  
 And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

*Escal.* Be it as your wisdom will.

*Ang.* Where is the provost?

*Prov.* Here, if it like your honour.

6 — of your blood] Old copy—our blood. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.  
 MALONE.

7 —which now you censure him,] Some word seems to be wanting to make this line sense. Perhaps, we should read—which now you censure him for. STEEVENS.

8 —What know the laws,  
 That thieves do pass on thieves?] How can the administrator of the laws take cognizance of what I have just mentioned? How can they know, whether the jurymen who decide on the life or death of thieves be themselves as criminal as those whom they try? *To pass on* is a forensick term. So, in the well-known provision of MAGNA CHARTA:—"nec super eum ibimus, nec super eum mittemus, nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum, vel per legem terræ." MALONE.

9 'Tis very pregnant,] 'Tis plain that we must act with bad as with good; we punish the faults, as we take the advantages, that lie in our way, and what we do not see we cannot note. JOHNSON.

7 For I have had such faults,] That is, because, by reason that I have had such faults. JOHNSON.

*Ang.*

*Ang.* See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;

For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Prov.*]

*Escal.* Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall<sup>2</sup>:

Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;

And some condemned for a fault alone.

*Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, &c.*

*Elb.* Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

*Ang.* How now, fir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

*Elb.* If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, fir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

*Ang.* Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? Are they not malefactors?

<sup>2</sup> *Some rise &c.*] This line is in the first folio printed in Italicks, as a quotation. All the folios read in the next line:

*Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none.* JOHNSON.

A *brake* anciently meant not only a sharp bit, a snaffle, but also the engine with which farriers confined the legs of such unruly horses as would not otherwise submit themselves to be shod, or to have a cruel operation performed on them. This in some places is still called a smith's *brake*. I likewise find from Holinshed, p. 670, that the *brake* was an engine of torture. It was called the duke of Exeter's daughter. See Blackstone's COMMENT. IV. 320, 321.

If Shakspeare alluded here to this engine, the sense of this passage will be: *Some run more than once from engines of punishment, and answer no interrogatories; while some are condemned to suffer for a single trespass.*

A yet plainer meaning may be deduced from the same words. A *brake* meant a bush. By *brakes of vice*, therefore, may be meant a collection, a number, a thicket of vices.

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that, by *brakes of vice*, Shakspeare means only the thorny paths of vice. STEEVENS.

I am not satisfied with either the old or present reading of this very difficult passage; yet have nothing better to propose. The modern reading, *vice*, was introduced by Mr. Rowe. In *K. Henry VIII.* we have

“ 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake

“ That virtue must go through.” MALONE.

*Elb.*

*Elb.* If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

*Escal.* This comes off well<sup>3</sup>; here's a wise officer.

*Ang.* Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow<sup>4</sup>?

*Clown.* He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

*Ang.* What are you, sir?

*Elb.* He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd<sup>5</sup>; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house<sup>6</sup>, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

*Escal.* How know you that?

*Elb.* My wife, sir, whom I detest<sup>7</sup> before heaven and your honour,—

*Escal.* How! thy wife?

*Elb.* Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman;—

*Escal.* Dost thou detest her therefore?

*Elb.* I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

<sup>3</sup> *This comes off well;*] This is nimbly spoken; this is volubly uttered. JOHNSON.

The same phrase is employed in *Timon of Athens*, and elsewhere; but in the present instance it is used ironically. The meaning of it, when seriously applied to speech, is—This is well delivered, this story is well told. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?*] Says Angelo to the constable. “He cannot, sir, quoth the *Clown*, he's out at elbow.” I know not whether this quibble be generally observed: he is out at the word *elbow*, and out at the *elbow* of his coat. The *Constable*, in his account of master *Froth* and the *Clown*, has a stroke at the *puritans*, who were very zealous against the stage about this time. “Precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.” FARMER.

<sup>5</sup> —a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd;] This we should now express by saying, he is half-tapster, half-bawd. JOHNSON.

Thus in *K. Henry IV*: “a parcel-gilt goblet.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —she professes a hot-house;] A hot-house is an English name for a bagnio. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —whom I detest—] He means—protest. MALONE.

*Escal.*

*Escal.* How dost thou know that, constable?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

*Escal.* By the woman's means?

*Elb.* Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means<sup>8</sup>: but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

*Clown.* Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

*Elb.* Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

*Escal.* Do you hear how he misplaces? [*To Angelo.*]

*Clown.* Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honour's reverence,) for stew'd prunes<sup>9</sup>; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time<sup>10</sup> stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

*Escal.* Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

*Clown.* No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point: as I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three pence again:

*Froth.* No, indeed.

*Clown.* Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes;

*Froth.* Ay, so I did, indeed.

*Clown.* Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were

<sup>8</sup> *Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means:]* Here seems to have been some mention made of Froth, who was to be accused, and some words therefore may have been lost, unless the irregularity of the narrative may be better imputed to the ignorance of the constable. *JOHNS.*

<sup>9</sup> *—stew'd prunes:]* Stewed prunes were to be found in every brothel. See a note on the 3d scene of the 3d act of the First Part of *King Henry IV.* In the old copy *prunes* are spelt, according to vulgar pronunciation, *prewvins*. *STEEVENS.*

<sup>10</sup> *—at that very distant time—]* He means instant. *MALONE.*

past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you;

*Froth.* All this is true.

*Clown.* Why, very well then.

*Escal.* Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife; that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

*Clown.* Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

*Escal.* No, sir, nor I mean it not.

*Clown.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father dy'd at Hallowmas:—Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

*Froth.* All-hallond eve.

*Clown.* Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair,<sup>2</sup> sir;—'twas in *The Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, Have you not?

*Froth.* I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

*Clown.* Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

*Ang.* This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

*Escal.* I think no less: Good morrow to your lordship.

[*Exit ANGELO.*]

Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

*Clown.* Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

*Elb.* I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

*Clown.* I beseech your honour, ask me.

*Escal.* Well, sir; What did this gentleman to her?

*Clown.* I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's

<sup>2</sup> — in a lower chair,] One of the editors, plausibly enough, proposes to read—in a lower chamber, which derives some support from the subsequent words—"where, indeed, you have a delight to sit." But the old reading is intelligible, and therefore should not be changed. A lower chair is a chair lower than ordinary. MALONE.

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

31

face:—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

*Escal.* Ay, sir, very well.

*Clown.* Nay, I beseech you mark it well.

*Escal.* Well, I do so.

*Clown.* Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

*Escal.* Why, no.

*Clown.* I'll be supposed<sup>3</sup> upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour?

*Escal.* He's in the right: constable, what say you to it?

*Elb.* First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

*Clown.* By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

*Elb.* Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

*Clown.* Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd with her.

*Escal.* Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity<sup>4</sup>?—Is this true?

*Elb.* O thou caittiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal<sup>5</sup>! I respected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

*Escal.* If he took you a box of the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

<sup>3</sup> I'll be supposed—] He means *deposed*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Justice, or Iniquity? ] Elbow, the officer of justice, or Pompey, the instrument of vice? MALONE.

Justice and Iniquity were, I suppose, two personages well known to the audience by their frequent appearance in the old moralities. The words, therefore, at that time produced a combination of ideas, which they have now lost. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup>—Hannibal,] Mistaken by the constable for *Cannibal*. JOHNSON.

*Elb.*

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

*Escal.* Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

*Escal.* Where were you born, friend? [*Exe.* Froth.]

*Froth.* Here in Vienna, sir.

*Escal.* Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

*Froth.* Yes, and't please you, sir?

*Escal.* So.—What trade are you of, sir? [*Exe.* the Clown.]

*Clown.* A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

*Escal.* Your mistress's name?

*Clown.* Mistress Over-done.

*Escal.* Hath she had any more than one husband?

*Clown.* Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

*Escal.* Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you<sup>c</sup>, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

*Froth.* I thank your worship: For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

*Escal.* Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell. Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

*Clown.* Pompey.

*Escal.* What else?

*Clown.* Bum, sir.

*Escal.* Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about

<sup>c</sup>—they will draw you,] Draw has here a cluster of senses. As it refers to the tapster, it signifies to drain, to empty; as it is related to hang, it means to be conveyed to execution on a hurdle. In Froth's answer, it is the same as to bring along by some motive or power. JOHNSON.

you?; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster; Are you not? Come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

*Clown.* Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

*Escal.* How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

*Clown.* If the law will allow it, sir.

*Escal.* But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

*Clown.* Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

*Escal.* No, Pompey.

*Clown.* Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

*Escal.* There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

*Clown.* If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay<sup>8</sup>: If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

*Escal.* Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you;

<sup>7</sup> *greatest thing about you;]* This fashion, of which, perhaps, some remains were to be found in the age of Shakspeare, seems to have prevailed originally in that of Chaucer, who, in the *Persones Tale* speaks of it thus: "Som of hem shewen the bosse and the shape &c. in the wrapping of hir hosen, and eke the buttokkes of hem bebinde, &c." Greene, in one of his pieces, mentions the *great dumme of Paris*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay:]* A bay of building is, in many parts of England, a common term, of which the best conception that I could ever attain, is, that it is the space between the main beams of the roof; so that a barn cradled twice with beams is a barn of three bays. JOHNSON.



in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

*Clown.* I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;

The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*]

*Escal.* Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

*Elb.* Seven year and a half, sir.

*Escal.* I thought, by your readines<sup>s</sup> in the office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?

*Elb.* And a half, sir.

*Escal.* Alas! it hath been great paines to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

*Elb.* Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

*Escal.* Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

*Elb.* To your worship's house, sir?

*Escal.* To my house: Fare you well.—What's o'clock, think you?

*Just.* Eleven, sir.

*Escal.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

*Just.* I humbly thank you.

*Escal.* It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

*Just.* Lord Angelo is severe.

*Escal.* It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.

Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

9 — by your readines—] Old Copy—the readines. Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the Mss. of our author's age, y<sup>e</sup>. and y<sup>r</sup>. (for so they were frequently written) were easily confounded. MALONE.

S C E N E

## SCENE II.

*Another Room in the same.**Enter Provost, and a Servant.*

*Serv.* He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:  
I'll tell him of you.

*Prov.* Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know  
His pleasure; may be, he will relent: Alas,  
He hath but as offended in a dream!  
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he  
To die for it!—

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Now, what's the matter, provost?

*Prov.* Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

*Ang.* Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?  
Why dost thou ask again?

*Prov.* Lest I might be too rash:  
Under your good correction, I have seen,  
When, after execution, judgment hath  
Repented o'er his doom.

*Ang.* Go to; let that be mine:  
Do you your office, or give up your place,  
And you shall well be spared.

*Prov.* I crave your honour's pardon.—  
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?  
She's very near her hour.

*Ang.* Dispose of her  
To some more sister place; and that with speed.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,  
Desires access to you.

*Ang.* Hath he a sister?

*Prov.* Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,  
And to be shortly of a sister-hood,  
If not already.

*Ang.* Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*]  
See the fornicatress be remov'd;  
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;  
There shall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO, and ISABELLA.

*Prov.* Save your honour! [*offering to retire.*]

*Ang.* Stay a little while<sup>1</sup>.—[*to Isab.*] You are welcome: What's your will?

*Isab.* I am a woeful suitor to your honour,  
Please but your honour hear me.

*Ang.* Well; what's your suit?

*Isab.* There is a vice, that most I do abhor,  
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;  
For which I would not plead, but that I must;  
For which I must not plead, but that I am  
At war, 'twixt will, and will not<sup>2</sup>.

*Ang.* Well; the matter?

*Isab.* I have a brother is condemn'd to die;  
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,  
And not my brother<sup>3</sup>.

*Prov.* Heaven give thee moving graces!

*Ang.* Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!  
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:  
Mine were the very cypher of a function,  
To fine the faults<sup>4</sup>, whose fine stands in record,  
And let go by the actor.

<sup>1</sup> *Stay a little while.*] It is not clear why the provost is bidden to stay, nor when he goes out. JOHNSON.

*Stay a little while* is said by Angelo, in answer to the words, "*Save your honour*;" which denoted the Provost's intention to depart. Isabella uses the same words to Angelo, when she goes out, near the conclusion of this scene. So also, when she offers to retire, on finding her suit ineffectual: "Heaven keep your honour!" MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *For which I must not plead, but that I am*

*At war, 'twixt will, and will not.*] i. e. for which I must not plead, but that there is a conflict in my breast betwixt my affection for my brother, which induces me to plead for him, and my regard to virtue, which forbids me to intercede for one guilty of such a crime; and I find the former more powerful than the latter. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— let it be his fault,

*And not my brother.*] i. e. let his fault be condemned, or executed, but let not my brother himself suffer. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *To fine the faults.*—] To fine means, I think, to pronounce the fine or sentence of the law, appointed for certain crimes. Mr. Theobald, without necessity, reads *find*. The repetition is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

*Isab.* O just, but severe law!

I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!

[*retiring.*]

*Lucio.* Give't not o'er so: to him again, intreat him;  
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;  
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,  
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:  
To him, I say.

*Isab.* Must he needs die?

*Ang.* Maiden, no remedy.

*Isab.* Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,  
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

*Ang.* I will not do't.

*Isab.* But can you, if you would?

*Ang.* Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

*Isab.* But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,  
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse  
As mine is to him?

*Ang.* He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

*Lucio.* You are too cold.

[*To Isab.*]

*Isab.* Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,  
May call it back again<sup>6</sup>: Well believe this<sup>7</sup>,  
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,  
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,  
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,  
Become them with one half so good a grace,  
As mercy does. If he had been as you,  
And you as he, you would have slipt like him;  
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

*Ang.* Pray you, be gone.

*Isab.* I would to heaven I had your potency,  
And you were Isabel! Should it then be thus?  
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,  
And what a prisoner.

*Lucio.* Ay, touch him: there's the vein.

[*Aside.*]

<sup>6</sup> — with that remorse,] Remorse in this place, as in many others,  
pity. See *Othello*, Act. III. STREVENSON.

<sup>7</sup> May call it back again:] The word *back* was inserted by the  
editor of the second folio, for the sake of the metre. MALONE.

Well believe this,] Be thoroughly assured of this. THEOBALD.

*Ang.* Your brother is a forfeit of the law,  
And you but waste your words.

*Isab.* Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were <sup>8</sup>, were forfeit once;  
And he that might the vantage best have took,  
Found out the remedy: How would you be,  
If he, which is the top of judgment, should  
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,  
Like man new made <sup>9</sup>.

*Ang.* Be you content, fair maid;  
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:  
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,  
It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.

*Isab.* To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare  
him;

He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens  
We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve heaven  
With less respect than we do minister  
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:  
Who is it that hath died for this offence?  
There's many have committed it.

*Lucio.* Ay, well said.

*Ang.* The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:  
Those many had not dared to do that evil,  
If the first man that did the edict infringe <sup>1</sup>,  
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;  
Takes note of what is done; and, like <sup>2</sup> prophet,  
Looks in a glass <sup>3</sup>, that shews what future evils,

*Either*

<sup>8</sup> — *all the souls that were,*] This is false divinity. We should read,  
*are.* **WARBURTON.**

<sup>9</sup> *And mercy then will breathe within your lips,  
Like man new made.*] You will then appear as tender-hearted  
and merciful as the first man was in his days of innocence, immediately  
after his creation. **MALONE.**

I rather think the meaning is, *You will then change the severity of  
your present character.* In familiar speech, *You will be quite another  
man.* **JOHNSON.**

<sup>1</sup> *If the first man, &c.*] The word *man* has been supplied by the mo-  
dern editors. I would rather read, *If he, the first, &c.* **TYRWHITT.**  
*Man* was introduced by Mr. Pope. **MALONE.**

<sup>2</sup> — *and, like a prophet,*  
*Looks in a glass:—*] See *Macbeth*, Act IV. sc. i. **STEEVEN.**

*Toi*

(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,  
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)  
Are now to have no successive degrees,  
But, where they live, to end<sup>3</sup>.

*Isab.* Yet, shew some pity.

*Ang.* I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;  
For then I pity those I do not know<sup>4</sup>,  
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;  
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,  
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;  
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

*Isab.* So you must be the first, that gives this sentence;  
And he that suffers: O, it is excellent  
To have a gift of its strength; but it is tyrannous,  
To use it like a giant.

*Lucio.* That's well said.

*Isab.* Could great men thunder  
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet.

For

This alludes to the fopperies of the *beril*, much used at that time by cheats and fortune-tellers to predict by. WARBURTON.

The *beril*, which is a kind of chrystal, hath a weak tincture of red in it. Among other tricks of astrologers, the discovering of past or future events was supposed to be the consequence of looking into it. See *Aubrey's Miscellanies*, p. 165, edit. 1721. REED.

<sup>3</sup> But, where they live, to end.] The old copy reads—But, *here* they live, to end. Sir Thomas Hanmer substituted *ere* for *here*; but *where* was, I am persuaded, the author's word.

The prophecy is not, that future evils should end, *ere*, or before, they are born; or, in other words, that there should be no more evil in the world (as Sir T. Hanmer by his alteration seems to have understood it); but, that they should, *and where* they began, i. e. with the criminal; who being punished for his first offence, could not proceed by successive degrees in wickedness, nor excite others, by his impunity, to vice. So, in the next speech:

“And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,

“Lives not to act another.”

It is more likely that a letter should have been omitted at the press, than that one should have been added.

The same mistake has happened in *the Merchant of Venice*, Folio, 1623, p. 173, col. 2:—“ha, ha, *here* in Genoa.”—instead of—“*where* in Genoa?” MALONZ.

<sup>4</sup> I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;

For then I pity those I do not know.] This was one of Hale's memo-

For every pelting<sup>5</sup>, petty officer,  
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.—  
Merciful heaven!

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,  
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak<sup>6</sup>,  
Than the soft myrtle;—But man, proud man<sup>7</sup>!  
Drest in a little brief authority;  
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven  
As make the angels weep<sup>8</sup>; who, with our spleens,  
Would all themselves laugh mortal<sup>9</sup>.

*Lucio.* O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;  
He's coming; I perceive't.

*Prov.* Pray heaven she win him!

*Isab.* We cannot weigh our brother with ourself<sup>1</sup>—  
Great men may jest with faints: 'tis wit in them;  
But, in the less, foul profanation,

*Lucio.* Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

*Isab.*

*rials. When I find myself sway'd to mercy, let me remember, that there is a mercy likewise due to the country.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — pelting—] i. e. paltry. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — gnarled oak,] *Gnarre* is the old English word for a knot in wood. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Than the soft myrtle;—But man, proud man!*] The defective metre of this line shews that some word was accidentally omitted at the press; probably some additional epithet to *man*; perhaps *weak*;—"but man, weak, proud man—." The editor of the second folio, to supply the defect, reads—*O but man*, &c. which, like almost all the other emendations of that copy, is the worst and the most improbable that could have been chosen. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *As make the angels weep;*] The notion of angels weeping for the sins of men is rabbinical.—*Ob peccatum flentes angelos inducunt Hebræorum magistri.*—Grotius ad S. Lucam. THEOBALD.

<sup>9</sup> — who, with our spleens,

*Would all themselves laugh mortal,*] i. e. who, if they were endued with the organs of man,—with our spleens, would laugh themselves out of immortality; or, as we say in common life, laugh themselves dead. THEOBALD.

The ancients thought that immoderate laughter was caused by the bigness of the spleen. WARBURTON

<sup>1</sup> *We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:*] *We mortals, proud and foolish, cannot prevail on our passions to weigh or compare our brother,*

a young

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

41

*Isab.* That in the captain's but a cholerick word,  
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

*Lucio.* Art avis'd o' that? more on't.

*Ang.* Why do you put these sayings upon me?

*Isab.* Because authority, though it err like others,  
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,  
That skins the vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;  
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know  
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess  
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,  
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue  
Against my brother's life.

*Ang.* She speaks, and 'tis  
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—Fare you well.

*Isab.* Gentle my lord, turn back.

*Ang.* I will be hink me:—Come again to-morrow.

*Isab.* Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good, my lord, turn  
back.

*Ang.* How! bribe me?

*Isab.* Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with  
you.

a being of like nature and like frailty, *with ourself*. We have different names and different judgments for the same faults committed by persons of different condition. JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copy, *ourself*, which Dr. Warburton changed to *yourself*, is supported by a passage in the fifth act:

“ ——— If he had so offended,

“ He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,

“ And not have cut him off.” MALONE.

2 — *that my sense breeds with it.*] That is, new thoughts are stirring in my mind, new conceptions are *hatched* in my imagination. So we say to *brood* over thought. • JOHNSON.

Sir W. Davenant's alteration favours the sense of the old reading [*breeds*, which Mr. Pope changed to *bleeds*]:

————— *She speaks such sense*

*As with my reason breeds such images*

*As she has excellently form'd.* STEEVENS.

I rather think the meaning is,—She delivers her sentiments with such propriety, force, and elegance, that my *sensual desires* are inflamed by what she says. *Sense* has been already used in this play with the same signification.

“ ——— one, who never feels

The wanton flings and motions of the *sense*.” MALONE.

*Lucio.*



*Lucio.* You had marr'd all else.

*Isab.* Not with fond shekels<sup>3</sup> of the tested gold<sup>4</sup>,  
Or stones, whose rates<sup>5</sup> are either rich, or poor,  
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,  
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,  
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls<sup>6</sup>,  
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate  
To nothing temporal.

*Ang.* Well: come to me to-morrow.

*Lucio.* Go to; 'tis well; away. [*Aside to Isabel.*

*Isab.* Heaven keep your honour safe!

*Ang.* Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation,  
Where prayers cross<sup>7</sup>.

[*Aside.*  
*Isab.*

3 — fond shekels] *Fond* means very frequently in our author *foolish*. It signifies in this place *valued or prized by folly*. STEEVENS.

4 — tested gold,] cuppelled, brought to the test, refined. JOHNSON. The cuppell is called by the refiners a *test*. Vide Harris's Lex. Tech. Voce CUPPELL. Sir J. HAWKINS.

5 whose rates—] The old copy has—*rate*. This necessary emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

6 — preserved souls,] i. e. preserved from the corruption of the world. The metaphor is taken from fruits preserved in sugar. WARBURTON.

7 Amen:

*For I am that way going to temptation,*

*Where prayers cross.*] Which way *Angelo* is going to temptation, we begin to perceive; but how *prayers cross* that way, or cross each other, at that way, more than any other, I do not understand.

*Isabella* prays that his *honour* may be safe, meaning only to give him his title: his imagination is caught by the word *honour*: he feels that his honour is in danger, and therefore, I believe, answers thus:

*I am that way going to temptation,*

*Which your prayers cross.*

That is, I am tempted to lose that honour of which thou implorest the preservation. The temptation under which I labour is that which thou hast unknowingly thwarted with thy prayer. He uses the same mode of language a few lines lower. *Isabella*, parting, says: *Save your honour!* *Angelo* catches the word—*Save it! from what?*

*From thee; even from thy virtue!* JOHNSON.

The best method of illustrating this passage will be to quote a similar one from the *Merchant of Venice*. Act III. sc. i.

“*Sal.* I would it might prove the end of his losses!”

“*Sala.* Let me say *Amen* betimes, lest the devil cross thy prayer.”

For the same reason *Angelo* seems to say *Amen* to *Isabella's* prayer;

*Ifab.* At what hour to-morrow  
Shall I attend your lordship?

*Ang.* At any time 'fore noon.

*Ifab.* Save your honour!

[*Exeunt* LUCIO, ISABELLA, and Provost.

*Ang.* From thee; even from thy virtue!—

What this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?

The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!

Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,

That lying by the violet, in the sun<sup>s</sup>,

Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,

Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,

That modesty may more betray our sense

Than woman's lightness<sup>9</sup>? Having waste ground enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,

but, to make the expression clear, we should read perhaps—Where prayers are *crossed*. TYRWHITT.

I believe, the meaning is—May Heaven grant your prayer! May my honour be preserved! for I find I am going into that way or road of temptation, where prayers *only* can *thwart* the temptation, and prevent it from overcoming me.

To *cross* is used in the same sense in *Timon of Athens*: “The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick: he *crossed* himself by it.” Again, in the play before us: “I may make my case as Claudio's, to *cross* this in the least.”

Or, perhaps, the speaker means,—I am going into the road of temptation, into which we daily pray that we may not be led. Our Lord's prayer may have been here in Shakspeare's thoughts. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ————— it is I,

[*That lying by the violet, in the sun, &c.*] I am not corrupted by her, but by my own heart, which excites foul desires under the same benign influences that exalt her purity, as the carrion grows putrid by those beams which increase the fragrance of the violet. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ————— Can it be,

*That modesty may more betray our sense*

*Than woman's lightness?*] So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

“I do protest her modest wordes hath wrought in me a maze,

“Though she be faire, she is not deackt with garish shewes for gaze.

“Her bewtie fures, her lookes cut off fond suits with chaste disdain.

“O God, I feele a sodaine change, that doth my freedome chayne.

“What dost thou say? sic, *Promos*, sic, &c.” STEEVENS.

*Sense* has in this passage the same signification as in that above

“—that my *sense* breeds with it.” MALONE.

And

And pitch our evils there ? O, fie, fie, fie !  
 What dost thou ? or what art thou, Angelo ?  
 Dost thou desire her foully, for those things  
 That make her good ? O, let her brother live :  
 Thieves for their robbery have authority,  
 When judges steal themselves. What ? do I love her  
 That I desire to hear her speak again,  
 And feast upon her eyes ? What is't I dream on ?  
 O cunning enemy, that, to catch a faint,  
 With faints dost bait thy hook ! Most dangerous  
 Is that temptation, that doth goad us on  
 To sin in loving virtue : never could the froward pet,  
 With all her double vigour, art, and nature,  
 Once stir my temper ; but this virtuous maid  
 Subdues me quite :—Ever, till now,  
 When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how ?

## S C E N E III.

*A Room in a Prison.*

*Enter Duke, habited like a Friar, and Provost.*

*Duke.* Hail to you, provost ! so I think, you are.

*Prov.* I am the provost : What's your will, good friar ?

*Duke.* Bound by my charity, and my bleis'd order,

<sup>1</sup> *And pitch our evils there ?* So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“ Nor build their evils on the graves of great men.”

Neither of these passages appear to contain a very elegant allusion.

*Evils*, in the present instance, undoubtedly stands for *serices*. Dr. Farmer assures me he has seen the word used in this sense by our ancient writers ; and it appears from Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, &c. that the privies were originally so ill contrived, even in royal palaces, as to deserve the title of evils or nuisances. STEEVENS.

One of Sir John Berkenhead's queries confirms the foregoing observation :

“ Whether, ever since the House of Commons has been locked up, the speaker's chair has not been a *close-stool* ?”

“ Whether it is not seasonable to stop the nose of my *evil* ?” Two CENTURIES OF PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 8vo. no date. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *I smil'd, and wonder'd how.* As a day must now intervene between this conference of Isabella with Angelo, and the next, the act might more properly end here ; and here, in my opinion, it was ended by the poet. JOHNSON.

I come to visit the afflicted spirits  
Here in the prison: do me the common right  
To let me see them; and to make me know  
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister  
To them accordingly.

*Prov.* I would do more than that, if more were needful.

*Enter JULIET.*

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,  
Who falling in the flames of her own youth<sup>3</sup>,  
Hath blister'd her report: She is with child;  
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man  
More fit to do another such offence,  
Than die for this.

*Duke.* Where must he die?

*Prov.* As I do think, to-morrow.—

I have provided for you; stay a while,  
And you shall be conducted.

[*to Juliet.*]

*Duke.* Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

*Juliet.* I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

*Duke.* I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be found,

<sup>3</sup> *Who falling in the flames of her own youth,*

*Hath blister'd her report:*] The old copy has—*flawes*. The correction was made by Dr. Warburton. In support of this emendation, it should be remembered, that *flawes* (for so it was anciently spelled) and *flames* differ only by a letter that is very frequently mistaken at the press. The same mistake is found in *Macbeth*, Act II. sc. i. edit. 1623:

“—my steps, which they *may* walk,”—instead of—*which way*. Again, in this play, of *Measure for Measure*, Act V. sc. i. edit. 1623:—“give *we* your hand;” instead of *me*.—In a former scene of the play before us we meet with—“burning youth.” MALONE.

Sir W. Davenant reads *flames* instead of *flawes* in his *Lace against Lovers*, a play almost literally taken from *Measure for Measure*, and *Much Ado about Nothing*. FARMER.

Shakspeare has *flaming youth* in *Hamlet*, and Greene, in his *Never too Late*, 1616, says—“he measured the *flames* of youth by his own dead cinders.” *Blister'd her report*, is *disfigured her fame*. *Blister* seems to have reference to the *flames* mentioned in the preceding line. A similar use of this word occurs in *Hamlet*:

“—takes the rose

“From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

“And sets a *blister* there.” STEEVENS.

Or

Or hollowly put on.

*Juliet.* I'll gladly learn.

*Duke.* Love you the man that wrong'd you?

*Juliet.* Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

*Duke.* So then, it seems, your most offenceful act  
Was mutually committed?

*Juliet.* Mutually.

*Duke.* Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

*Juliet.* I do confess it, and repent it, father.

*Duke.* 'Tis meet so daughter: But lest you do repent<sup>4</sup>,  
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—  
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven;  
Shewing, we would not spare heaven<sup>5</sup>, as we love it.  
But as we stand in fear,—

*Juliet.* I do repent me, as it is an evil<sup>6</sup>  
And take the shame with joy.

*Duke.* There rest<sup>6</sup>.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,  
And I am going with instruction to him:  
Grace go with you! *Benedicite.*

[*Exit.*

*Juliet.* Must die to-morrow! O injurious love<sup>7</sup>,  
That respites me a life, whose very comfort  
Is still a dying horror!

*Prov.* 'Tis pity of him.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>4</sup> *But lest you do repent,*] is only a kind of negative imperative—  
*Ne te poeniteat*,—and means, repent not on this account. STEEVENS.

I think that a line at least is wanting after the first of the Duke's  
speech. It would be presumptuous to attempt to replace the words; but  
the sense, I am persuaded, is easily recoverable out of Juliet's answer.  
I suppose his advice, in substance, to have been nearly this. Take care,  
*lest you repent* [not so much of your fault, as it is an evil,] *as that the*  
*sin hath brought you to this shame.*" Accordingly, Juliet's answer is ex-  
plicit to this point:

"*I do repent me, as it is an evil,*

"*And take the shame with joy.*" TYRWHITT.

<sup>5</sup> *Shewing, we would not spare heaven,*] i.e. *I spare to offend heaven.*

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *There rest.*] Keep yourself in this temper. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *O injurious love,*] O love, that is injurious in expediting Clau-  
dio's death, and that respites me a life, which is a burden to me worse  
than death! TOLLET.

SCENE

## SCENE IV.

*A Room in Angelo's House.**Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* When I would pray and think, I think and pray  
 To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words;  
 Whilst my invention<sup>8</sup>, hearing not my tongue,  
 Anchors on Isabel<sup>9</sup>: Heaven in my mouth<sup>1</sup>,  
 As if I did but only chew his name;  
 And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil  
 Of my conception: The state, whereon I studied,  
 Is like a good thing, being often read,  
 Grown fear'd and tedious<sup>2</sup>; yea, my gravity,  
 Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,  
 Could I, with boot<sup>3</sup>, change for an idle plume,  
 Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form<sup>4</sup>!

How

<sup>8</sup> *Whilst my invention,*] By *invention*, I believe the poet means *imagination*. STEEVENS.

So, in our author's 103d sonnet:

" ————— a face,

" That overgoes my blunt *invention* quite."

Again, in *K. Henry V*:

" O for a muse of fire, that would ascend

" The brightest heaven of *invention*!" MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Anchors on Isabel.*] We meet with the same singular expression in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" There would he *anchor* his aspect, and die

" With looking on his life." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Heaven in my mouth,*] i. e. Heaven *being* in my mouth. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Grown fear'd and tedious;*] What we go to with reluctance may be said to be fear'd. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *with boot,*] *Boot* is, profit, advantage, gain. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *change for an idle plume,*

*Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form! &c.*] There is, I believe, no instance in Shakspeare, or any other author, of "*for vain*" being used for "*in vain*." Besides; has the air or wind *less* effect on a feather than on twenty other things? or rather, is not the reverse of this the truth? An *idle plume* assuredly is not that "ever-fixed mark," of which our author speaks elsewhere, "that looks on tempests, and is never shaken." The old copy has *vaine*, in which way a *vane* or weather-cock was formerly spelt. [See *Minsheu's Dict.* 1617, in *verb.* — So also, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. sc. i. edit. 1623: "What *vaine*? what weathercock?"] "I would therefore read — *vane*. — I would exchange

How often dost thou with thy case<sup>5</sup>, thy habit,  
 Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls  
 To thy false seeming<sup>6</sup>? Blood, thou still art blood<sup>7</sup>:  
 Let's write good angel on the devil's horn<sup>8</sup>,  
 'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter

exchange my gravity, says Angelo, for an idle feather, which being driven along by the wind, serves, to the spectator, for a *vane* & weathercock. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"I am a feather for each wind that blows."

And in the *Merchant of Venice* we meet with a kindred thought:

—————"I should be still

"Plucking the grass, to know where fits the wind."

The omission of the article is certainly awkward, but not without example. Thus, in *K. Lear*:

"Hot questrists after him met him at gate."

Again, in *Coriolanus*: "Go, see him cut at gate."

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*: "Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon."

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*: "Pray heartily, he'll e'en palate."

Again, in *Cymbeline*: "Nor tent, to bottom, that."

The author, however, might have written—

————an idle plume,

Which the air beats for vane o' the place.—O form,

How often dost thou—&c.

The pronoun *thou*, referring to only *one* antecedent, appears to me strongly to support such a regulation. MALONE.

5 —*case*,] For outside; garb; external shew. JOHNSON.

6 *Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls*

*To thy false seeming?*] Here Shakspeare judiciously distinguishes the different operations of high place upon different minds. Fools are frightened, and wise men are allured. Those who cannot judge but by the eye, are easily awed by splendour; those who consider men as well as conditions, are easily persuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power. JOHNSON.

7 —*Blood, thou still art blood:*] The old copy reads—Blood, thou art blood. Mr. Pope, to supply the syllable wanting to complete the metre, reads—Blood, thou art *but* blood! But the word now introduced appears to me to agree better with the context, and therefore more likely to have been the author's.—*Blood* is used here, as in other places, for *temperament of body*. MALONE.

8 *Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,*

*'Tis not the devil's crest.*] i. e. let the most wicked thing have but a virtuous pretence, and it shall pass for innocent. WARBURTON.

It should be remembered that the devil is usually represented with horns and cloven feet.—Dr. Johnson would read—*Yet* the devil's crest. He acknowledges, however, that the passage may be understood, according to Dr. Warburton's explanation, "O place, how dost thou impose

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [Exit Serv.] O heavens!

Why does my blood thus murther to my heart?

Making both it unable for itself,

And dispossessing all my other parts

Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;

Come all to help him, and so stop the air

By which he should revive: and even so

The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,

Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love

Must

impose upon the world by false appearances! so much, that if we write *good angel on the devil's horn*, 'tis not taken any longer to be *the devil's crest*. In this sense, *Blood thou art*, &c. is an interjected exclamation." The old copy appears to me to require no alteration.

MALONE.

— to my heart;] Of this speech there is no other trace in *Prometheus* and *Cassandra* than the following:

"Both hope and drede at once my harte doth tuch." STEEVENS.

[The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,] General was, in our author's time, a word for *people*, so that the *general* is the *people*, or *multitude*, subject to a king. So, in *Hamlet*: "The play pleased not the million: 'twas caviare to the general." JOHNSON.

The use of this phrase, "*the general*," for the people, continued so late as to the time of lord Clarendon:—"as rather to be consented to, than that *the general* should suffer." Hist. B.V. p. 530. 8vo. MALONE.

Twice in *Hamlet* our author uses *subject* for *subjects*.

"So nightly coils the *subject* of the land." ACT I. sc. i.

Again, ACT I. sc. ii:

"The lists and full proportions all are made

"Out of his *subject*." STEEVENS.

So the duke had before (act I. scene ii.) expressed his dislike of popular applause:

"I'll privily away. I love the people,

"But do not like to stage me to their eyes.

"Though I do well, I do not relish well

"Their loud applause and *aves* vehement:

"Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,

"That does affect it."

I cannot help thinking that Shakespeare, in these two passages, intended to flatter that unkingly weakness of James the First, which made him so



Must needs appear offence.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

How now, fair maid?

*Isab.* I am come to know your pleasure.

*Ang.* That you might know it, would much better please me,

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

*Isab.* Even so?—Heaven keep your honour! [*retiring.*]

*Ang.* Yet may he live a while; and, it may be, As long as you, or I: Yet he must die.

*Isab.* Under your sentence?

*Ang.* Yea.

*Isab.* When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve, Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted, That his soul sicken not.

*Ang.* Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen A man already made<sup>2</sup>, as to remit Their sawcy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image In stamps that are forbid<sup>3</sup>: 'tis all as easy

Falsely

impatient of the crowds that flocked to see him, especially upon his first coming, that, as some of our historians say, he restrained them by a proclamation. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, in his *Memoirs of his own Life*, [a MS. in the British Museum,] has a remarkable passage with regard to this humour of James. After taking notice, that the king going to parliament, on the 30th of January, 1620-1, "spake lovingly to the people, and said, God bless ye, God bless ye;" he adds these words, "contrary to his former hasty and passionate custom, which often, in his sudden distemper, would bid a pox or a plague on such as flocked to see him." TYRWHITT.

<sup>2</sup> ——— that hath from nature stolen

*A man already made,*] i. e. that hath killed a man. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Their sawcy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image*

*In stamps that are forbid:]* We meet with nearly the same words in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596, certainly prior to this play:

"———And will your sacred self

"Commit high treason 'gainst the king of heav'n,

"To stamp his image in forbidden metal?"

These lines are spoken by the countess of Salisbury, whose chastity (like Isabel's) was assailed by her sovereign.

Their *sawcy sweetness*—Dr. Warburton interprets, *their sawcy indulgence*

Falsely to take<sup>4</sup> away a life true made,  
As to put mettle in restrained means,  
To make a false one<sup>5</sup>.

*Ang.* 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth<sup>6</sup>.

*Ang.* Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.  
Which had you rather, That the most just law  
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him<sup>7</sup>,

gence of the appetite. Perhaps it means nearly the same as what is afterwards called *sweet uncleanness*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Falsely to take—] *Falsely* is the same with *dishonestly*, *illegally*: so *false*, in the next lines, is *illegal*, *illegitimate*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> As to put mettle in restrained means,

To make a false one.] *Mettle*, the reading of the old copy, which was changed to *metal* by Mr. Theobald, (who has been followed by the subsequent editors,) is supported not only by the general purport of the passage, (in which our author having already illustrated the sentiment he has attributed to Angelo by an allusion to coining, would not give the same image a second time,) but by a similar expression in *Timon*:

“ — thy father, that poor rag,

“ Must be thy subject; who in spite *put stuff*

“ To some she-beggar, and compounded thee,

“ Poor rogue hereditary.”

Again, in *the Winter's Tale*:

“ As rank as any flax-wench, that *puts* to,

“ Before her troth-plight.”

The controverted word is found again in the same sense in *Macbeth*

“ — thy undaunted *mettle* should compose

“ Nothing but males.”

Again, in *K. Richard II.*:

“ — that bed, that womb,

“ That *mettle*, that self-same mould that fashion'd thee,

“ Made him a man.”

*Means* is here used for *medium*, or *object*, and the sense of the whole is this: 'Tis as easy wickedly to deprive a man born in wedlock of life, as to have unlawful commerce with a maid, in order to give life to an illegitimate child. The thought is simply, that murder is as easy as fornication; and the inference which Angelo would draw, is, that it is as improper to pardon the latter as the former. The words—to make a false one—evidently referring to life, shew that the preceding line is to be understood in a natural, and not in a metaphorical, sense. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.] What you have stated is undoubtedly the divine law: murder and fornication are both forbid by the canon of scripture;—but on earth the latter offence is considered as less heinous than the former. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — or, to redeem him.] The old copy has—and to redeem him—. The emendation was made by Sir William D'Avenant. MALONE.

Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,  
As she that he hath stain'd?

*Isab.* Sir, believe this,  
I had rather give my body than my soul<sup>8</sup>.

*Ang.* I talk not of your soul; Our compell'd fins<sup>9</sup>  
Stand more for number than for accompt<sup>9</sup>.

*Isab.* How say you?

*Ang.* Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak  
Against the thing I say. Answer to this;—

I, now the voice of the recorded law,  
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:  
Might there not be a charity in sin,  
To save this brother's life?

*Isab.* Please you to do't,  
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,  
It is no sin at all, but charity.

*Ang.* Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul<sup>8</sup>,  
Were equal poize of sin and charity.

*Isab.* That I do beg his life, if it be sin,  
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,  
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer  
To have it added to the faults of mine,  
And nothing of your, answer<sup>2</sup>.

*Ang.*

<sup>8</sup> *I had rather give my body than my soul.*] *Isabel*, I believe, uses the words, "give my body," in a different sense from that in which they had been employed by *Angelo*. She means, I think, *I had rather die, than forfeit my eternal happiness by the prostitution of my person.* MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ———— *Our compell'd fins*

*Stand more for number than for accompt.*] Actions to which we are compelled, however numerous, are not imputed to us by heaven as crimes. If you cannot save your brother but by the loss of your chastity, it is not a voluntary but compelled sin, for which you cannot be accountable. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Pleas'd you to do't, at peril, &c.*] The reasoning is thus: *Angelo* asks whether there might not be a charity in sin to save his brother. *Isabella* answers, that if *Angelo* will save him, she will stake her soul that it were charity, not sin. *Angelo* replies, that if *Isabella* would save him at the hazard of her soul, it would be not indeed no sin, but a sin to which the charity would be equivalent. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *And nothing of your, answer.*] This passage would be clear, I think, if it were pointed thus:

To have it added to the faults of mine,  
And nothing of your, answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me :

Your ~~self~~ pursues not mine : either you are ignorant,  
Or ~~as~~ so, craftily<sup>3</sup> ; and that's not good.

If'st let me be ignorant<sup>4</sup>, and in nothing good,  
But graciously to know I ~~am~~ no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,  
When it doth tax itself : as these black masks

Proclaim an enshield beauty<sup>5</sup> ten times louder

Than

So that the substantive *answer* may be understood to be joined in construction with *mine* as well as *your*. The faults of *mine answer* are the faults which I am to answer for. TYRWHITT.

And nothing of your answer, means, and make no part of those for which you shall be called to answer. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Or *seem* [so craftily,] Old copy—*crafty*. Corrected by Sir William D'Avenant. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Let me be ignorant,] *Me* is wanting in the original copy. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Proclaim an enshield beauty—] An enshield beauty is a shielded beauty, a beauty covered as with a shield. STEEVENS.

This should be written *en-shell'd*, or *in-shell'd*, as it is in *Coriolanus*, Act, IV. sc. vi.

“ Thrusts forth his horns again into the world

“ That were *in-shell'd* when Marcius stood for Rome.”

These *Masks* must mean, I think, the *Masks of the audience* ; however improperly a compliment to them is put into the mouth of Angelo. As Shakspeare would hardly have been guilty of such an indecorum to flatter a common audience, I think this passage affords ground for supposing that the play was written to be acted at court. Some strokes of particular flattery to the king I have already pointed out ; and there are several other general reflections, in the character of the duke especially, which seem calculated for the royal ear. TYRWHITT.

I do not think so well of the conjecture in the latter part of this note, as I did some years ago ; and therefore I should wish to withdraw it. Not that I am inclined to adopt the idea of the author of *REMARKS*, &c. p. 20. as I see no ground for supposing that Isabella had any mask in her band. My notion at present is, that the phrase *these black masks* signifies nothing more than *black masks* ; according to an old idiom of our language, by which the demonstrative pronoun is put for the prepositive article. See the *Glossary to Chaucer*, Ed. 1775. v. *This, Thise*. Shakspeare seems to have used the same idiom, not only in the passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Romeo and Juliet*, but also in 1 H. IV. Act I. sc. iii.

— and, but for *these* vile guns,

He would himself have been a soldier.

With respect to the former part of this note, though the *Remarker* has told us, that “ *enshield* is CERTAINLY put by contraction for *en-shielded*, I have no objection to leaving my conjecture in its place, till

Than beauty could display'd.—But mark me ;  
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross :  
Your brother is to die.

*Isab.* So.

*Ang.* And his offence is so, as it appears  
Accountant to the law upon that pain<sup>6</sup>.

*Isab.* True.

*Ang.* Admit no other way to save his life,  
(As I subscribe not that<sup>7</sup>, nor any other,  
But in the loss of question,<sup>8</sup>) that you, his sister,  
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,  
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,  
Could fetch your brother from the manacles  
Of the all-binding law<sup>9</sup>; and that there were  
No earthly mean to save him, but that either  
You must lay down the treasures of your body  
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer<sup>1</sup>;

some authority is produced for such an usage of *enshield* or *enshielded*.

TYRWHITT.

Sir *W. D'Avenant* reads—as a black mask; but I am afraid Mr. Tyrwhitt is too well supported in his first supposition, by a passage at the beginning of *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,

“ Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —upon that pain.] Pain is here for penalty, punishment. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> (As I subscribe not that,) To subscribe means, to agree to.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> But in the loss of question.)—] This expression I believe means, but in idle supposition, or conversation that tends to nothing, which may therefore, in our author's language, be call'd the loss of question.

Thus, in *Coriolanus*, Act III. sc. i:

“ The which shall turn you to no other harm,

“ Than so much loss of time.”

*Question*, in Shakspeare, often bears this meaning. See, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ And after supper long he questioned

“ With modest Lucrece, &c.” STEEVENS.

*Question* is used here, as in many other places, for conversation.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Of the all-binding law;—] The old copy has—all-building. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> —or else to let him suffer;] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads more grammatically—“ or else let him suffer.” But our author is frequently inaccurate in the construction of his sentences. I have therefore adhered to the old copy. You must be under the necessity [to let, &c.] must be understood. MALONE.

What

What would you do?

*Isab.* As much for my poor brother, as myself:  
That is, Were I under the terms of death,  
The ignominy of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,  
And strip myself to death, as to a bed  
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield  
My body up to shame.

*Ang.* Then must your brother die.

*Isab.* And 'twere the cheaper way:  
Better it were, a brother died at once<sup>2</sup>,  
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,  
Should die for ever.

*Ang.* Were not you then as cruel as the sentence  
That you have slander'd so?

*Isab.* Ignomy in ransom<sup>3</sup>, and free pardon,  
Are of two houses: lawful mercy  
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

*Ang.* You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;  
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother  
A merriment than a vice.

*Isab.* O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,  
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:  
I something do excuse the thing I hate,  
For his advantage that I dearly love.

*Ang.* We are all frail.

*Isab.* Else let my brother die,  
If not a feodary, but only he<sup>4</sup>,

Owe,

<sup>2</sup> — a brother died at once,] Perhaps we should read—for once.

<sup>3</sup> Ignomy in ransom,] Ignomy was in our author's time used for ignominy. So again, in *K. Henry IV.* Part I.

“Thy ignomy sleep with thee in thy grave—”

Sir W. D'Avenant's alteration of these lines may prove a reasonably good comment on them:

Ignoble ransom no proportion bears

To pardon freely given. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> If not a feodary, but only he, &c.] This is so obscure, but the allusion so fine, that it deserves to be explained. A *feodary* was one that in the times of vassalage held lands of the chief lord, under the tenure of paying rent and service, which tenures were called *feuda* amongst the Goths. Now, says Angelo, “we are all frail; yes, replies Isabella; if all mankind were not *feodaries*, who owe what they are to this tenure of imbecility, and who succeed each other by the same tenure, as well

Owe<sup>5</sup>, and succeed by weaknefs.

*Ang.* Nay, women are frail too.

*Isab.* Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;  
Which are as easy broke as they make forms. *Women!*—Help heaven! meet their creation more  
In profiting by them<sup>6</sup>. Nay, call us ten times frail;  
For we are soft as our complexions are,  
And credulous to false prints<sup>7</sup>.

*Ang.* I think it well:

And from this testimony of your own sex,  
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger  
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold;—  
I do arrest your words; Be that you are,  
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none:  
If you be one, (as you are well express'd  
By all external warrants,) shew it now,  
By putting on the destin'd livery.

*Isab.* I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,

as my brother, I would give him up." The comparing mankind, lying under the weight of original sin, to a *feodary*, who owes *suit* and *service* to his lord, is, I think, not ill imagined. WARBURTON.

Shakspere has the same allusion in *Cymbeline*:

"——— senseless bauble,

"Art thou a *feodary* for this act?"

The old copy reads—*thy* weaknefs. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. I am by no means satisfied with it. *Tby* is much more likely to have been printed by mistake for *this*, than the word which has been substituted. Yet *this* weaknefs and *by* weaknefs are equally difficult to be understood. Sir W. D'Avenant omitted the passage in his *Law against Lovers*, probably on account of its difficulty. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Owe*,—] To owe is, in this place, to own, to hold, to have possession. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *In profiting by them*.] In imitating them, in taking them for examples. JOHNSON.

I rather think the meaning is,—in taking advantage of their weakness. A French sense: *se profiter*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *For we are soft as our complexions are,*

*And credulous to false prints*.] So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"How easy is it for the proper false

"In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

"Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we;

"For, such as we are made of, such we be." MALONE.

*And credulous to false prints*. i. e. we take any impression. WARBURTON.

Let

Let me intreat you, speak the former language<sup>8</sup>.

*Ang.* Plainly conceive, I love you.

*Isab.* My brother did love Juliet:

And his will me, that he shall die for it.

*Ang.* He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

*Isab.* I know, your virtue hath a licence in't<sup>9</sup>,  
Which seems a little fouler than it is<sup>1</sup>,

To pluck on others.

*Ang.* Believe me, on mine honour,  
My words express my purpose.

*Isab.* Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,  
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming<sup>2</sup>!—  
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't  
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,  
Or, with an out-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world  
Aloud, what man thou art.

*Ang.* Who will believe thee, Isabel?  
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,  
My vouch against<sup>3</sup> you, and my place i' the state,  
Will so your accusation over-weigh,  
That you shall stifle in your own report,  
And smell of calumny<sup>4</sup>. I have begun;  
And now I give my sensual race the rein:  
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;

8 — *speak the former language.*] Isabella answers to his circumlocutory courtship, that she has but *one tongue*, she does not understand this new phrase, and desires him to talk his *former language*, that is, to talk as he talked before. JOHNSON.

9 *I know your virtue hath a licence in't,*] Alluding to the licences given by ministers to their spies, to go into all suspected companies, and join in the language of malecontents. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> *Which seems a little fouler &c.*] So, in *Promos and Cassandra*:

“*Cas.* Renowned lord, you use this speech (I hope) your thrall to trye;

“If otherwise, my brother's life so deare I will not bye.

“*Pro.* Fair dame, my outward looks my inward thoughts bewray;

“If you mistrust, to search my harte, would God you had a keye.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Seeming, seeming!*—] Hypocrisy, hypocrisy; counterfeit virtue.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *My vouch against*] means no more than denial. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *That you shall stifle in your own report,*

*And smell of calumny.*] A metaphor from a lamp or candle extinguished in its own grease. STEEVENS.



Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes<sup>5</sup>,  
 That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother  
 By yielding up thy body to my will;  
 Or else he must not only die the death<sup>6</sup>,  
 But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
 To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,  
 Or, by the affection that now guides me most,  
 I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,  
 Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true<sup>7</sup>. [*Exit.*]

*Isab.* To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,  
 Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,  
 That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,  
 Either of condemnation or approof!  
 Bidding the law make courtly to their will;  
 Hooking both right and wrong to the appetit,  
 To follow, as it draws! I'll to my brother;  
 Though he hath fallen by prompture<sup>8</sup> of the blood,  
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour<sup>9</sup>,  
 That had he twenty heads to tender down  
 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,  
 Before his sister should her body stoop  
 To such abhorr'd pollution.

<sup>5</sup> — and prolixious blushes,] That maiden modesty, which is *slow* in yielding to the wishes of a lover. MALONE.

The word *prolixious* is not peculiar to Shakspeare. It is used by Drayton, and by Nashe. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — die the death,] This seems to be a solemn phrase for death inflicted by law. JOHNSON.

It is a phrase taken from scripture, as is observed in a note on the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. STEEVENS.

The phrase is a *good phrase*, as Shallow says, but I do not conceive it to be either of *legal* or *scriptural* origin. Chaucer uses it frequently. See *Cant. Tales*, ver. 607.

"They were adradde of him, as of the detb." v. r. 1222.

"The detb he feleth thurgh his herte smite." It seems to have been originally a mistaken translation of the French *La Mort*. TIERNEY.

<sup>7</sup> — my false o'erweighs your true.] *False* and *true* are here used as substantives. My *falsehood* will outweigh your *truth*. So, in our author's 113th Sonnet:

"My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — prompture] Suggestion, temptation, instigation. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — such a mind of honour,] This, in Shakspeare's language, may mean, *such an honourable mind*, as he uses elsewhere, *mind of love*, for *loving mind*. STEEVENS.

Then,

Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:  
More than our brother is our chastity.  
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,  
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Room in the Prison.*

*Enter Duke, CLAUDIO, and Provost.*

*Duke.* So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

*Claud.* The miserable have no other medicine,  
But only hope.  
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

*Duke.* Be absolute for death<sup>1</sup>; either death, or life,  
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life,—  
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,  
That none but fools would keep<sup>2</sup>: a breath thou art,  
(Servile to all the skiey influences,)  
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st<sup>3</sup>,

Hourly

<sup>1</sup> *Be absolute for death;*] Be determined to die, without any hope of life. *Horace,*—

“*The hour which exceeds expectation will be welcome.*” *JOHNSON.*

<sup>2</sup> *That none but fools would keep:*] The meaning is, that none but fools would wish to keep life; or, none but fools would keep it, if choice were allowed. *JOHNSON.*

*Keep,* in this place, I believe, may not signify preserve, but care for. “No longer for to live I ne kepe,” says Æneas, in *Chaucer's Dido* queen of Carthage; and elsewhere, “That I kepe not rehearsed be:” i. e. which I care not to have rehearsed.

Again, in the *Knights Tale*, late edit. ver. 2240:

“I kepe nought of armes for to yelpc.” *STEEVENS.*

Mr. Steevens's explanation is confirmed by a passage in *the Dutcheſs of Malfy*, by Webster, (1623) an author who has frequently imitated Shakespeare, and who perhaps followed him in the present instance:

“Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?”

“Sin their conception, their birth weeping;

“Their life a general mist of error;

“And death a hideous storm of terror.”

See *Glossary* to Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer. *ne kepe.* *MALONE.*

<sup>3</sup> *That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,*] The editors have changed

Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;  
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
 And yet run'st toward him still<sup>4</sup>: Thou art not noble;  
 For all the accommodations that thou bear'st<sup>5</sup>,  
 Are nurs'd by baseness<sup>5</sup>: Thou art by no means valiant;  
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork  
 Of a poor worm<sup>6</sup>: Thy best of rest is sleep<sup>7</sup>,

And

changed *dost* to *do* without necessity or authority. The construction is not, "the skiey influences that do," but, "a breath thou art, that dost" &c. If "servile to all the skiey influences" be inclosed in a parenthesis, all the difficulty will vanish. FORSON.

4 — *merely thou art death's fool*;

*For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,*

*And yet run'st toward him still*:] In those old farces called *Moralities*, the *fool* of the piece, in order to shew the inevitable approaches of death, is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *fool* at every turn into his very jaws. So that the representations of these scenes would afford a great deal of good *mirth* and *morals* mixed together. WARBURTON.

It is observed by the editor of *the Sad Shepherd*, 8vo. 1783, p. 154, that the initial letter of Stowe's *Survey* contains a representation of a struggle between *Death* and the *Fool*; the figures of which were most probably copied from those characters, as formerly exhibited on the stage. REED.

5 *Are nurs'd by baseness*:] Dr. Warburton is undoubtedly mistaken in supposing that by *baseness* is meant *self-love*, here assigned as the motive of all human actions. Shakspeare only meant to observe, that a minute analysis of life at once destroys that splendour which dazzles the imagination. Whatever grandeur can display, or luxury enjoy, is procured by *baseness*, by offices of which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and the dunghill, all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament dug from among the damps and darkness of the mine. JOHNSON.

This is a thought which Shakspeare delights to express. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—our *dungy earth* alike

"Feeds man as beast."

Again:

"Which sleeps, and never palates more the *dung*,

"The *beggar's nurse*, and *Cæsar's*." STEEVENS.

6 — *the soft and tender fork*

*Of a poor worm*:] *Worm* is put for any creeping *insect*, *serpent*. Shakspeare supposes falsely, but according to the vulgar notion, that

And that thou oft provok'st<sup>5</sup>; yet grossly fear'st  
 Thy death, which is no more: Thou art not thyself<sup>9</sup>;  
 For tho' exist'st on many a thousand grains  
 That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not:  
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;  
 And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;  
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects<sup>1</sup>,  
 After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;  
 For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,  
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
 And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;  
 For thine own bowels, which do call thee fire,  
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,  
 Do curse the gout, serpigo<sup>2</sup>, and the rheum.

that a serpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is forked. He confounds reality and fiction; a serpent's tongue is soft, but not forked nor hurtful. If it could hurt, it could not be soft. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream* he has the same notion:

With doubler tongue

“Thou thine, O serpent, never adder stung.” JOHNSON.

Shakspeare might have caught this idea from old tapestries or paintings, in which the tongues of serpents and dragons always appear barbed like the point of an arrow. STEEVENS.

7 *Thy best of rest is sleep, &c.*] Evidently from the following passage of Cicero: “*Habes somnum imaginem mortis, eamque quotidie induis, & dubitas quin sensus in morte nullus sit cum in ejus simulacro videas esse nullum sensum.*” But the Epicurean insinuation is, with great judgment, omitted in the imitation. WARBURTON.

Here Dr. Warburton might have found a sentiment worthy of his animadversion. I cannot without indignation find Shakspeare saying that death is only sleep, lengthening out his exhortation by a sentence which in the friar is impious, in the reasoner is foolish, and in the poet trite and vulgar. JOHNSON.

This was an oversight in Shakspeare; for in the second scene of the fourth act, the Provost speaks of the desperate Barnardine, as one who regards death only as a drunken sleep. STEEVENS.

“thou oft provok'st;” i. e. soliciteest, procurest. MALONE.

9 *Thou art not thyself;*] Thou art perpetually repaired and renovated by external assistance; thou subsistest upon foreign matter, and hast no power of producing or continuing thy own being. JOHNSON.

1 *— strange effects*] For effects read affects; that is affections, passions of mind, or disorders of body variously affected. So, in *Othello*: “*The young*” JOHNSON.

2 *Serpigo,*] The serpigo is a kind of tetter. STEEVENS.

For

For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth, nor age;  
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
 Dreaming on both<sup>3</sup>: for all thy blessed youth<sup>4</sup>  
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms  
 Of palsied eld<sup>5</sup>; and when thou art old, and rich,  
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty<sup>6</sup>,  
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,  
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life

3 — *Thou hast nor youth, nor age;*

*But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,*

*Dreaming on both:]* This is exquisitely imagined. When we are young, we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding times, and miss the gratifications that are before us; when we are old, we amuse the anguish of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances; so that our life, of which no part is filled with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening. JOHNSON.

4 — *for all thy blessed youth*

*Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms*

*Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,*

*Thou hast neither heat, &c.]* Shakspeare declares that man hath neither youth nor age; for in youth, which is the happiest time, or which might be the happiest, he commonly wants means to obtain what he could enjoy; he is dependent on *palsied eld*: must beg alms from the coffers of hoary avarice; and being very niggardly supplied, becomes as aged, looks, like an old man, on happiness which is beyond his reach. And, when he is old and rich, when he has wealth enough for the purchase of all that formerly excited his desires, he has no longer the powers of enjoyment;

*— has neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,*

*To make his riches pleasant.* JOHNSON.

The sentiment contained in these lines, which Dr. Johnson has explained with his usual precision, occurs again in the forged letter that Edmund delivers to his father, as written by Edgar; *K. Lear*, Act I. sc. ii.: "This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them."—Dr. Johnson would read *blasted* youth; but the words above, printed in Italicks, support, I think, the reading of the old copy,—*"blessed youth,"* and shew that any emendation is unnecessary.

MALONE.

5 *Of palsied eld;]* Eld is generally used for old age, decrepitude. It is here put for old people, persons worn out with years. STEEVENS.

6 *Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,]* By "heat" and "affection" the poet meant to express appetite, and by "limb" and "beauty," strength. EDWARDS.

Lie

It hid more thousand deaths<sup>7</sup>: yet death we fear,  
That makes these odds all even.

*Claud.* I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;

And, seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

*Enter. ISABELLA.*

*Isab.* What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

*Prov.* Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

*Duke.* Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

*Claud.* Most holy sir, I thank you.

*Isab.* My business is a word or two with Claudio.

*Prov.* And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

*Duke.* Pr'vost, a word with you.

*Prov.* As many as you please.

*Duke.* Bring me to hear them speak<sup>8</sup>, where I may be  
Conceal'd. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

*Claud.* Now, sister, what's the comfort?

*Isab.* Why,

As all comforts are; most good, most good, in deed<sup>9</sup>:

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,

*Intends*

17 — ~~more thousand deaths~~:] The meaning is not only a thousand deaths, but a thousand deaths besides what have been mentioned.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be] The old copy reads:  
Bring them to hear me speak, &c.

The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. The editor of the second folio, after the word *Conceal'd*, has added,—"Yet hear them." But the alterations made in that copy do not deserve the smallest credit. There are undoubted proofs, that they were merely arbitrary; and in general they are also extremely injudicious. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> As all comforts are; most good, most good, in deed:] If this reading be right, Isabella must mean that she brings something better than words of comfort, she brings an assurance of deeds. This is harsh and constrained, but I know not what better to offer. JOHNSON.

I believe in deed, as explained by Dr. Johnson, is the true reading. So in *Macbeth*:

"We're yet but young in deed." STEEVENS.

I would point the lines thus:

*Isab.* Now, sister, what's the comfort?

*Isab.* Why, as all comforts are, most good. Indeed lord Angelo, &c.

*Indeed*

Intends you for his swift embassador,  
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:<sup>1</sup>  
Therefore your best appointment<sup>2</sup> make with speed;  
To-morrow you set on.

*Claud.* Is there no remedy?

*Isab.* None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,  
To cleave a heart in twain.

*Claud.* But is there any?

*Isab.* Yes, brother, you may live:  
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,  
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,  
But fetter you till death.

*Claud.* Perpetual durance?

*Isab.* Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,  
Though all the world's vastidity<sup>2</sup> you had,  
To a determin'd scope<sup>3</sup>.

*Claud.* But in what nature?

*Isab.* In such a one as (you consenting to't)  
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,  
And leave you naked.

*Indeed* is the same as *in truth*, or *truly*, the common beginning of speeches in Shakspere's age. See Charles the First's Trial. The king and Bradshaw seldom say any thing without this preface: "Truly, Sir——." BLACKSTONE.

<sup>1</sup> — an everlasting leiger:

*Therefore your best appointment—*] *Leiger* is the same with *re-sident*. *Appointment*; preparation; act of sitting, or state of being fitted for any thing. So in old books, we have a knight well *appointed*; that is, well armed and mounted, or fitted at all points. JOHNSON.

The word *appointment*, on this occasion, should seem to comprehend confession, communion, and absolution. "Let him (says *Escalus*) be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation." The king in *Hamlet*, who was cut off prematurely, and without such preparation, is said to be *dis-appointed*. *Appointment*, however, may be more simply explained by the following passage in *The Antipodes*, 1638:

"——your lodging

"Is decently *appointed*," i.e. prepared, furnished. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Though all the world's vastidity—] The old copy has—*Through*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —a restraint,—

*To a determin'd scope.*] A confinement of your mind to one painful idea; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be *avoided* nor escaped. JOHNSON.

*Claud.*

*Claud.* Let me know the point.

*Isab.* O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,  
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,  
And six or seven winters more respect  
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?  
The sense of death is most in apprehension;  
And the poor beetle<sup>4</sup>, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.

*Claud.* Why give you me this shame?  
Think you I can a resolution fetch  
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,  
I will encounter darkness as a bride,  
And hug it in mine arms<sup>5</sup>.

*Isab.* There spake my brother; there my father's grave  
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:  
Thou art too noble to conserve a life  
In base appliances. This outward-fainted deputy,—  
Whose settled visage and deliberate word  
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew<sup>6</sup>,  
As falcon doth the fowl<sup>7</sup>,—is yet a devil;  
His filth within being cast<sup>8</sup>, he would appear

<sup>4</sup> *The poor beetle, &c.]* The reasoning is, that death is no more than  
being cast, and suffer, though the dread of it is peculiar to man; or per-  
haps, that we are inconsistent with ourselves, when we so much dread  
that which we carelessly inflict on other creatures, that feel the pain as  
acutely as we. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *If I must die,*

*I will encounter darkness as a bride,*

*And hug it in mine arms.]* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— I will be

“ *A bridegroom in my death; and run into 't,*

“ *As to a lover's bed.*” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *follies doth emmew,]* Forces follies to lie in cover, without daring  
to show themselves. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *As falcon doth the fowl,]* In whose presence the follies of youth  
are afraid to show themselves, as the fowl is afraid to flutter while the  
falcon hovers over it. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

“ ——— not he that loves him best,

“ *The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,*

“ *Does stir a wing, if Warwick shakes his bells.*”

*Emmew* is a term in falconry. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Being cast,]* To cast a pond is to empty it of mud. JOHNSON.



A pond as deep as hell.

*Claud.* The princely Angelo?

*Isab.* O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,  
The damned'st body to invest and cover  
In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,  
If I would yield him my virginity,  
Thou might'st be freed?

*Claud.* O heavens! it cannot be.

*Isab.* Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank offence<sup>1</sup>,

So to offend him still: This night's the time  
That I should do what I abhor to name,  
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

*Claud.* Thou shalt not do't.

*Isab.* O, were it but my life,  
I'd throw it down for your deliverance  
As frankly as a pin<sup>2</sup>.

*Claud.* Thanks, dear Isabel.

*Isab.* Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

*Claud.* Yes.—Has he affections in him,  
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,  
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;  
Or of the deadly seven it is the least<sup>3</sup>,

*Isab.*

<sup>1</sup> The princely Angelo?

—princely guards!] The first folio has, in both places, *prenzie*, from which the other folios made *princely*, and every editor may make what he can. JOHNSON.

*Princely guards* mean no more than the ornaments of royalty, which Angelo is supposed to assume during the absence of the duke. STEEV.

*A guard*, in old language, meant a welt or border of a garment; "because (says Minshew) it *guards* and keeps the garment from tearing." These borders were sometimes of lace. So, in *the M. of Venice*:

"—Give him a livery

"More guarded than his fellows." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —from this rank offence,] I believe means, from the time of my committing this offence, you might persist in sinning with safety. The advantages you would derive from my having such a secret of his in my keeping would ensure you from further harm on account of the same fault, however frequently repeated. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —as a pin.] So, in *Hamlet*:

"I do not set my life at a pin's fee." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Has he affections &c.] Is he actuated by passions that induce him to transgress the law, at the very moment that he is enforcing it against others?

*Isab.* Which is the least?

*Claud.* If it were damnable<sup>4</sup>, he, being so wise,  
Why, would he for the momentary trick  
Be perdurably fin'd<sup>5</sup>?—O Isabel!

*Isab.* What says my brother?

*Claud.* Death is a fearful thing.

*Isab.* And shamed life a hateful.

*Claud.* Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion<sup>6</sup> to become  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit<sup>7</sup>  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst

others? [I find, he is.] Surely, then, since this is so general a propensity, since the judge is as criminal as he whom he condemns, it is no sin, or at least a venial one. So, in the next Act:

“—A deflower'd maid,

“And by an eminent body that enforce'd

“The law against it.”

Force is again used for enforce in *K. Henry VIII.*:

“—you will now unite in your complaints,

“And force them with a constancy.”

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“Why force you this?” MALONE.

4 If it were damnable, &c.] Shakspeare shows his knowledge of human nature in the conduct of Claudio. When Isabella first tells him of Angelo's proposal, he answers, with honest indignation, agreeably to his settled principles, *Thou shalt not do't*. But the love of life being permitted to operate, soon furnishes him with sophistical arguments; he believes it cannot be very dangerous to the soul, since Angelo, who is so wise, will venture it. JOHNSON.

5 Be perdurably fin'd?] *Perdurably* is lastingly. STEEVENS.

6 This sensible warm motion—] *Motion* for organized body. MALONE.

7 —delighted spirit] i. e. the spirit accustomed here to ease and delights. This was properly urged as an aggravation to the sharpness of the torments spoken of. WARBURTON.

Rehink with Dr. Warburton, that by the *delighted* spirit is meant, the soul once accustomed to delight, which of course must render the suffering, afterwards described, less tolerable. Thus our author calls youth, *blessed*, in a former scene, before he proceeds to shew its wants and its inconveniencies. STEEVENS.

Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts<sup>8</sup>  
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,  
That age, ach, penury<sup>9</sup>, and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death<sup>1</sup>.

*Isab.* Alas! alas!

*Claud.* Sweet sister, let me live:  
What sin you do to save a brother's life,  
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,  
That it becomes a virtue.

*Isab.* O you beast!  
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!

<sup>8</sup> —*lawless and incertain thoughts*] Conjecture sent out to wander without any certain direction, and ranging through all possibilities of pain. JOHNSON.

Old Copy—*thought*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —*penury*.] The old copy has—*perjury*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *To what we fear of death*.] Most certainly the idea of the "spirit bathing in fiery floods," or of residing "in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," is not original to our poet; but I am not sure that they came from the Platonick hell of Virgil.—The monks also had their hot and their cold hell; "the fyrste is fyre that ever brenneth, and never gyveth lighte," says an old homily:—"The seconde is passyng cold, that ys a greäte hylle of fyre were cast therin, it shold torment." One of their legends, well remembered in the time of Shakspeare, gives us a dialogue between a bishop and a soul tormented in a piece of ice which was brought to cure a *brenning beate* in his foot.—Another tells us of the soul of a monk fastened to a rock, which the winds were to blow about for a twelvemonth, and purge of its *inormities*. Indeed this doctrine was before now introduced into poetick fiction, as you may see in a poem, "where the lover declareth his paine to exceed far the pains of hell," among the many miscellaneous ones subjoined to the works of Surrey: of which you will soon have a beautiful edition from the able hand of my friend Dr. Percy. Nay, a very learned and inquisitive brother-antiquary hath observed to me, on the authority of Blefkenius, that this was the ancient opinion of the inhabitants of Iceland, who were certainly very little read either in the poet or the philosopher. FARMER.

*Lazarus*, in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, is represented to have seen these particular modes of punishment in the infernal regions.

"Secondly, I have seen in hell a floud frozen as ice, where the envious men and women were plunged unto the navel, and then suddenly came over them a right cold and great wind, that grieved and pained them right sore, &c." STEEVENS.

Wilt

Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?  
Is't not a kind of incest<sup>2</sup>, to take life  
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?  
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!  
For such a warped slip of wilderness<sup>3</sup>  
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance<sup>4</sup>:  
Die; perish! might but my bending down  
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:  
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,  
No word to save thee.

*Claud.* Nay, hear me, Isabel.

*Ifab.* O fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade<sup>5</sup>:  
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:  
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

[*going.*

♥ *Claud.* O hear me, Isabella.

*Re-enter Duke.*

*Duke.* Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

*Ifab.* What is your will?

*Duke.* Might you dispense with your leisure, I would  
by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I  
would require is likewise your own benefit.

♥ *Ifab.* I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be  
stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

*Duke.* [*to Claudio aside.*] Son, I have over-heard what  
hath past between you and your sister. Angelo had never  
the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of  
her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of

<sup>2</sup> *Is't not a kind of incest.*— In Isabella's declamation there is something harsh, and something forced and far-fetched. But her indignation cannot be thought violent, when we consider her not only as a virgin, but as a nun. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —*a warped slip of wilderness*] *Wilderness* is here used for *quildness*, the state of being disorderly. The word, in this sense, is now obsolete, though employed by Milton:

“The paths, and bowers, doubt not, but our joint hands

“Will keep from *quildness* with ease.” STEEVENS.

♥ —*take my defiance*:] *Defiance* is *refusal*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“I do *defy* thy commiseration.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —*but a trade*:] A custom; a practice; an established habit. So we say of a man much addicted to any thing, *he makes a trade of it.*

JOHNSON.  
natures:

natures : she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive : I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true ; therefore prepare yourself to death ; Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible <sup>6</sup> : to-morrow you must die ; go to your knees, and make ready.

*Claud.* Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

*Duke.* Hold you there <sup>7</sup> : Farewell. [*Exit CLAUDIO.*]

*Re-enter Provost.*

Provost, a word with you.

*Prov.* What's your will, father ?

*Duke.* That now you are come, you will be gone : Leave me a while with the maid ; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

*Prov.* In good time <sup>8</sup>. [*Exit Provost.*]

*Duke.* The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good : the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness ; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding ; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo : If <sup>9</sup> would you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother ?

*Isab.* I am now going to resolve him : I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But oh, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo ! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

*Duke.* That shall not be much amiss : Yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation ; he made

<sup>6</sup> *Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible :*] Do not rest with satisfaction on hopes that are fallible. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is, Do not satisfy or content yourself with that kind of resolution, which acquires strength from a latent hope that it will not be put to the test ; a hope, that in your case, if you rely upon it, will deceive you. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Hold you there :*] Continue in that resolution. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *In good time.*] i. e. à la bonne heure, so be it, very well.

trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

*Isab.* Let me hear you speak further: I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

*Duke.* Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

*Isab.* I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

*Duke.* Her should this Angelo have marry'd; was affianced to her by oath<sup>2</sup>, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity<sup>3</sup>, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this beset to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband<sup>4</sup>, this well-seeming Angelo.

*Isab.* Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

*Duke.* Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation<sup>5</sup>, which yet she wears for his sake;

<sup>2</sup> — by oath,] By inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — and limit of the solemnity,] So, in *King John*:

“Prescrib's how long the virgin state shall last,—

“Gives limits unto holy nuptial rites.” i. e. appointed times.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — her combinate husband,] *Combinate* is betrothed, settled by contract. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — bestow'd her on her own lamentation,] I once thought that we ought to read—bestow'd on her her own lamentation, but the old copy may be right: and any change, grounded on unusual phraseology, is dangerous. In *Much ado about Nothing*, we find diction as uncommon:

“Impose me to what penance your invention

“Can lay upon my sin.”

“Bestow'd her on her own lamentation,” i. e. left her to her sorrows.

and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

*Isab.* What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

*Duke.* It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

*Isab.* Shew me how, good father.

*Duke.* This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage<sup>3</sup>,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience; this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled<sup>4</sup>. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

*Isab.* The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

*Duke.* It lies much in your holding up: Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently

<sup>3</sup> — only refer yourself to this advantage,] This is scarcely to be reconciled to any established mode of speech. We may read, only reserve yourself to, or only reserve to yourself this advantage. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — the corrupt deputy scaled.] To scale, as may be learn'd from a note to *Coriolanus*, Act I. sc. i. most certainly means, to disorder, to disconcert, to put to flight. An army routed is called by Hollinshed, an army scaled. The word sometime signifies to diffuse or disperse; at others, as I suppose in the present instance, to put into confusion.

to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange<sup>s</sup> resides this dejected Mariana: At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

*Isab.* I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father.  
[*Exeunt severally.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Street before the Prison.*

*Enter Duke as a Friar; to him ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.*

*Elb.* Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard<sup>c</sup>.

*Duke.* O heavens! what stuff is here?

*Clown.* 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries<sup>7</sup>, the merriest was put down, and the worse allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

*Elb.* Come your way, sir:—Bless you, good father friar.

*Duke.* And you, good brother father<sup>8</sup>: What offence hath this man made you, sir?

*Elb.*

<sup>s</sup> —the moated grange] A grange is a solitary farm-house. So, in *Othello*:

“—this is Venice;

“My house is not a grange.” STEEVENS.

A grange, in its original signification, meant the farm-house of a monastery (from *grana gerendo*), from which it was always at some little distance. One of the monks was usually appointed to inspect the accounts of the farm. He was called the Prior of the Grange;—in barbarous latin, *Grangiarus*. Being placed at a distance from the monastery, and not connected with any other buildings, Shakspeare, with his wonted licence, uses it, both here and in *Othello*, in the sense of a solitary farm-house. MALONE.

<sup>c</sup> bastard.] A kind of sweet wine, then much in vogue, from the Italian, *bastardo*. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> See a note on *Hen. IV.* P. I. Act II. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —since of two usuries, &c.] Usury may be used by an easy licence for the professors of usury. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> And you, good brother father:] In return to Elbow's blundering address of good father friar, i. e. good father brother, the duke humorously calls him, in his own style, good brother father. This would appear



*Elb.* Marry, fir, he hath offended the law; and, fir, we take him to be a thief too, fir; for we have found upon him, fir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

*Duke.* Fie, firrah; a bawd; a wicked bawd! The evil that thou canst to be done,  
That is thy means to live: Do thou but think  
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,  
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—  
From their abominable and beastly touches  
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.<sup>9</sup>  
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,  
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

*Clown.* Indeed, it does stink in some sort, fir; but yet, fir, I would prove—

*Duke.* Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for *thou*, Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer; Correction and instruction must both work,  
Ere this rude beast will profit.

*Elb.* He must before the deputy, fir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whore-master: if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

*Duke.* That we were all, as some would seem to be;  
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!<sup>1</sup>

*Enter*

appear still clearer in French. *Dien vous benisse, mon pere frere.—Et vous aussi, mon frere pere.* There is no doubt that our friar is a corruption of the French *frere*. TYRWHITT.

<sup>9</sup> —*I eat, array myself, and live.*] The old copy reads—*I eat away myself*—. The emendation was made by Mr. Bishop. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!*] I read,  
*Free from all faults, or faults from seeming free;*  
*that men were really good, or that their faults were known; that men were free from faults, or faults from hypocrisy.* So Isabella calls Angelo's hypocrisy, *seeming, seeming*. JOHNSON.

I think we should read with Hammer:

*Free from all faults, as from faults seeming free.*  
i. e. *I wish we were all as good as we appear to be;* a sentiment very naturally prompted by his reflection on the behaviour of Angelo. Hammer has only transposed a word to produce a convenient sense. STEEV.

The original copy has not *Free* at the beginning of the line. It was added unnecessarily by the editor of the second folio, who did not perceive that *our*, like many words of the same kind, was used by Shakespeare

Enter LUCIO.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, fir<sup>2</sup>.

Clown. I spy comfort; I cry, bail: Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pigmalion's images, newly made woman<sup>3</sup>, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain<sup>4</sup>? Ha? What say'st thou, trot<sup>5</sup>? Is the world

speare as a disyllable. The reading,—from *all* faults, which all the modern editors have adopted, (I think, improperly,) was first introduced in the fourth folio. Dr. Johnson's conjectural reading, *or*, appears to me very probable. The compositor might have caught the word *as* from the preceding line. It *as* be right, Dr. Warburton's interpretation is perhaps the true one. Would we were all as free from faults, as faults are free from, or destitute of, comeliness, or *seeming*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *His neck will come to your waist, a cord, fir.*] That is, his neck will be tied, like your waist, with a rope. The friars of the Franciscan order, perhaps of all others, wear a hempen cord for a girdle. Thus Buchanan:

“*Fac gemant suis,*

“*Variata terga funibus.*” J. NEON.

<sup>3</sup> — *Pigmalion's images, newly made woman,*] By *Pigmalion's images, newly made woman*, I believe, Shakspeare meant no more than—Have you no women now to recommend to your customers, as fresh and untouched as *Pigmalion's* statue was, at the moment when it became flesh and blood? The passage may, however, contain some allusion to a pamphlet printed in 1594, called—*The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image, and certain Satires*. STEEVENS.

If Marston's *Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image* be alluded to, I believe it must be in the argument.—“*The maide (by the power of Venus) was metamorphosed into a living woman.*” FARMER.

Perhaps the meaning is,—Is there no courtesan, who being *newly made woman*, i. e. lately debauched, still retains the appearance of chastity, and looks as cold as a statue, to be had, &c.

The following passage in *Blurt Master Constable*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1602, seems to authorize this interpretation:

“*Laz.* Are all these women?”

“*Imp.* No, no, they are half men, and half women.

“*Laz.* You apprehend too fast. I mean by women, wives; for wives are no maids, nor are maids women.”

*Mulier* in Latin had precisely the same meaning. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain?*] It is a common phrase used in low raillery of a man

world as it was, man? Which is the way<sup>6</sup>? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

*Duke.* Still thus, and thus! still worse!

*Lucio.* How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha?

*Clown.* Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub<sup>7</sup>.

*Lucio.* Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: An unshunn'd consequence; it must be so: Art going to prison, Pompey?

*Clown.* Yes, faith, sir.

*Lucio.* Why 'tis not amiss, Pompey: Farewell: Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how<sup>8</sup>?

*Elb.* For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

*Lucio.* Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey! You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house<sup>9</sup>.

*Clown.* I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

a man crest-fallen and dejected, that *he looks like a drown'd puppy*. *Lucio*, therefore, asks him, whether he was drown'd in the last rain, and therefore cannot speak. JOHNSON.

He rather asks him whether his answer was not drown'd in the last rain, for Pompey returns no answer to any of his questions: Or, perhaps, he means to compare Pompey's miserable appearance to a *drown'd mouse*. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I. sc. ii:

"Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *What say'st thou, trot?*] *Trot*, or, as it is now often pronounced, *honest trout*, is a familiar address to a man among the provincial vulgar.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Which is the way?*] *What is the mode now?* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *—in the tub.*] The method of cure for venereal complaints is grossly called the *powdering tub*. JOHNSON.

It was so called from the method of cure. See the notes on the *tub-fast* and the diet, in *Timon*, A& IV. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *—Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?*] *Lucio* first offers him the use of his name to hide the seeming ignominy of his case; and then very naturally desires to be informed of the true reason why he was ordered into confinement. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.*] Alluding to the etymology of the word *husband*. MALONE.

*Lucio.*

*Lucio.* No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear<sup>1</sup>. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more; Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

*Duke.* And you.

*Lucio.* Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

*Elb.* Come your ways, fir; come.

*Clown.* You will not bail me then, fir?

*Lucio.* Then, Pompey, nor now<sup>2</sup>.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

*Elb.* Come your ways, fir, come.

*Lucio.* Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go<sup>3</sup>:

[*Exeunt ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.*]

What news, friar, of the duke?

*Duke.* I know none: Can you tell me of any?

*Lucio.* Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

*Duke.* I know not where: But wheresoever, I wish him well.

*Lucio.* It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

*Duke.* He does well in't.

*Lucio.* A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

*Duke.* It is too general a vice<sup>4</sup>, and severity must cure it.

*Lucio.* Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd: But it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They

<sup>1</sup> —it is not the wear.] i.e. it is not the fashion. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Then Pompey, nor now.] The meaning, I think, is, I will neither bail thee then, nor now. So again, in this play:

“More nor less to others paying.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Go,—to kennel, Pompey,—go:] It should be remembered, that Pompey is the common name of a dog, to which allusion is made in the mention of a kennel. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> It is too general a vice.] Yes, replies Lucio, the vice is of great kindred; it is well ally'd, &c. As much as to say, Yes, truly, it is general; for the greatest men have it as well as we little folks. A little lower he taxes the Duke personally with it. EDWARDS.

say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way<sup>5</sup> of creation: Is it true, think you?

*Duke.* How should he be made then?

*Lucio.* Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him:—Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes:—But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine <sup>is</sup> congeal'd ice; that I know to be true:—And he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible<sup>6</sup>.

*Duke.* You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

*Lucio.* Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

*Duke.* I never heard the absent duke much detected for women<sup>7</sup>; he was not inclined that way.

*Lucio.* O, sir, you are deceived.

*Duke.* 'Tis not possible.

<sup>5</sup> —after the downright way—] Old copy—this downright. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible] In the former editions:—And he is a motion generative; that's infallible. This may be sense; and Lucio, perhaps, may mean, that though Angelo have the organs of generation, yet that he makes no more use of them, than if he were an inanimate puppet. But I rather think our author wrote, —and he is a motion ungenerative, because Lucio again in this very scene says, —this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency. THEOBALD.

A motion generative certainly means a puppet of the masculine gender; a thing that appears to have those powers of which it is not in reality possessed. STEEVENS.

See, however, p. 67, note 6. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —much detected for women;] This appears so like the language of Dogberry, that at first I thought the passage corrupt, and wished to read suspected. But perhaps detected had anciently the same meaning. So, in an old collection of tales, entitled, *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595: “—An officer whose daughter was detected of dishonestie, and generally so reported—”. That detected is there used for suspected, and not in the present sense of the word, appears, I think, from the words that follow—and generally so reported, which seem to relate not to a known but suspected fact. MALONE.

*Lucio.*

*Lucio.* Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was<sup>2</sup> to put a ducat in her clack-dish<sup>3</sup>; the duke had crochets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

*Duke.* You do him wrong, surely.

*Lucio.* Sir, I was an inward of his<sup>4</sup>: A shy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

*Duke.* What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

*Lucio.* No,—pardon;—'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—The greater file of the subject<sup>5</sup> held the duke to be wise.

*Duke.* Wise? why, no question but he was.

*Lucio.* A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

*Duke.* Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helm-ed<sup>6</sup>, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear, to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

*Lucio.* Sir, I know him, and I love him.

*Duke.* Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love<sup>7</sup>.

*Lucio.* Come, sir, I know what I know,

*Duke.* I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have

<sup>2</sup> —clack-dish:] The beggars, two or three centuries ago, used to proclaim their want by a wooden-dish with a moveable cover, which they clacked, to shew that their vessel was empty. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —an inward of his:] Inward is intimate. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> The greater file of the subject] The larger list, the greater number. JOHNSON. So, in *Macbeth*: "—the valued file." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —the business he hath helm-ed,] The difficulties he hath steer'd through. A metaphor from navigation. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —with dearer love.] Old copy—dear, Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

*Lucio.* Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

*Duke.* He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

*Lucio.* I fear you not.

*Duke.* O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

*Lucio.* I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

*Duke.* Why should he die, sir?

*Lucio.* Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent<sup>5</sup> will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untruffing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'y-thee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays<sup>6</sup>. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlick<sup>7</sup>: say, that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.]

*Duke.* No might nor greatness in mortality  
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny  
The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong,  
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?  
But who comes here?

4 —an opposite.] In old language meant an *adversary*. MALONE.

5 —ungenitur'd agent] This word seems to be form'd from *genitoirs*, a word which occurs in Holland's Pliny, tom. ii. p. 321, 550, 589, and comes from the French *genitoires*, the *genitals*. TOLLET.

6 —mutton on Fridays.] A wench was called a *laced mutton*. THEOB. So, in *Doctor Faustus*, 1604, Lechery says: "I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of Friday stockfish." STEEVENS.

See the *Two Gent. of Verona*, p. 110, n. 9. MALONE.

7 —though she smelt brown bread and garlick:] This was the phraseology of our author's time. In the *M. W. of Windsor*, Master Fenton is said to "smell April and May," not, "to smell of, &c. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter ESCALUS, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.*

*Escal.* Go, away with her to prison.

*Bawd.* Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

*Escal.* Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant<sup>8</sup>.

*Prov.* A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honour.

*Bawd.* My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time, he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

*Escal.* That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Bawd and Officers.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

*Prov.* So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

*Escal.* Good even, good father.

*Duke.* Bliss and goodness on you!

*Escal.* Of whence are you?

*Duke.* Not of this country, though my chance is now To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the see<sup>9</sup>, In special business from his holiness.

<sup>8</sup> — *mercy swear, and play the tyrant.*] I do not much like *mercy swear*, the old reading; or *mercy severe*, Dr. Warburton's correction. I believe it should be,—This would make *mercy severe*. FARMER.

There is surely no need of emendation. We say at present, Such a thing is *enough to make a parson swear*, i. e. deviate from a proper respect to decency, and the sanctity of his character.

The idea of *swearing* agrees very well with that of a *tyrant* in our ancient mysteries. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *from the see,*] The folio reads, *from the sea*. JOHNSON.

The emendation, which is undoubtedly right, was made by Mr. Theobald. In Hall's Chronicle, *sea* is often written for *see*. MALONE.



*Escal.* What news abroad i' the world?

*Duke.* None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowships accursed: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

*Escal.* One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

*Duke.* What pleasure was he given to?

*Escal.* Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know, how you find Claudio prepared? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

*Duke.* He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd<sup>1</sup> to die.

*Escal.* You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extreme shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice<sup>2</sup>.

*Duke.* If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

*Escal.* I am going to visit the prisoner: fare you well.

*Duke.* Peace be with you! [*Exeunt ESCAL. and PROV.*]

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,  
Should be as holy as severe;

<sup>1</sup> — resolv'd] i. e. satisfied. REED.

<sup>2</sup> — he is indeed—justice.] Summum jus, summa injuria. STEEVENS.  
Pattern

Pattern in himself to know,  
 Grace to stand, and virtue go<sup>3</sup>;  
 More nor less to others paying,  
 Than by self-offences weighing.  
 Shame to him, whose cruel striking  
 Kills for faults of his own liking!  
 Twice treble shame on Angelo,  
 To weed my vice, and let his grow<sup>4</sup>!  
 O, what may man within him hide,  
 Though angel on the outward side<sup>5</sup>!  
 How may likeness, made in crimes,  
 Mocking, practise on the times,  
 To draw with idle spiders' strings  
 Most pond'rous and substantial things<sup>6</sup>!

Craft

6 *Pattern in himself to know,*

*Grace to stand, and virtue go;*] This passage is very obscure, nor can be cleared without a more licentious paraphrase than any reader may be willing to allow. *He that bears the sword of heaven should be not less holy than severe: should be able to discover in himself a pattern of such grace as can avoid temptation, together with such virtue as dares venture abroad into the world without danger of seduction.* STEVENS.

"*Pattern in himself to know,*" is, to experience in his own bosom an original principle of action, which, instead of being borrowed or copied from others, might serve as a *pattern* to them. Our author, in *the Winter's Tale*, has again used the same kind of imagery:

"By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out

"The purity of his"

In *the Comedy of Errors* he uses an expression equally hardy and licentious—"And will have no attorney but myself;"—which is an absolute catachresis; an attorney importing precisely a person appointed to act for another. MALONE.

4 *To weed my vice, and let his grow!*] *My*, does not, I apprehend relate to the duke in particular, who had not been guilty of any vice, but to any indefinite person.—The meaning seems to be—*To destroy by extirpation* (as it is expressed in another place) a fault that I have committed, and to suffer his own vices to grow to a rank and luxuriant height.—The speaker, for the sake of argument, puts himself in the case of an offending person. MALONE.

5 *Though angel on the outward side!*] Here we see what induced our author to give the outward-fainted deputy the name of Angelo. MALONE.

6 *How may likeness, made in crimes,*

*Mocking, practise on the times,*

*To draw with idle spiders' strings*

*Most pond'rous and substantial things!*] The old copy reads—*Making* practise, &c. which renders the passage ungrammatical, and unintelligible.

Craft against vice I must apply :  
 With Angelo to-night shall lie  
 His old betrothed, but despis'd ;  
 So disguise shall, by the disguis'd ? ,  
 Pay with falshood false exacting,  
 And perform an old contracting.

[Exit.

gible. For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable.

A line in *Macbeth* may add some support to it :

" Away, and mock the time with fairest show."

There is no one more convinced of the general propriety of adhering to old readings. I have strenuously followed the course which was pointed out and successfully pursued by Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens, that of elucidating and supporting our author's genuine text by illustrations drawn from the writings of his contemporaries. But in some cases alteration is a matter not of choice, but necessity ; and surely the present is one of them. Dr. Warburton, to obtain some sense, omitted the word *To* in the third line ; in which he was followed by all the subsequent editors. But omission, in my apprehension, is, of all the modes of emendation, the most exceptionable.—In the passage before us, it is clear from the context, that some *verb* must have stood in either the first or second of these lines. Some years ago I conjectured that, instead of *made*, we ought to read *wade*, which was used in our author's time in the sense of *to proceed*. But having since had occasion to observe how often the words *mock* and *make* have been confounded in these plays, I am now persuaded that the single error in the present passage is, the word *Making* having been printed instead of *Mocking*, a word of which our author has made very frequent use, and which exactly suits the context. In this very play we have had *mak*, instead of *mock*. [See p. 21.] In the hand-writing of that time the small *c* was merely a straight line ; so that if it happened to be subjoined and written very close to an *a*, the two letters might easily be taken for an *a*. Hence I suppose it was, that these words have been so often confounded.—The awkwardness of the expression—" *Making practice*," of which I have met with no example, may be likewise urged in support of this emendation.

*Likeness* is here used for *specious* or *seeming* virtue. So, before : " O seeming, seeming !" The sense then of the passage is,—How may persons assuming the *likeness* or semblance of virtue, while they are in fact guilty of the grossest crimes, impose with this counterfeit sanctity upon the world, in order to draw to themselves by the flimsiest pretensions the most solid advantages ; i. e. pleasure, honour, reputation, &c.!

In *Much Ado about Nothing* we have a similar thought :

" O, what authority and show of truth

" Can cunning sin cover itself withall !" MALONZ.

? So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,] So disguise shall, by means of a person disguised, return an injurious demand with a counterfeit person.

JOHNSON.

A C T



You had not found me here so musical :

Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—

My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe<sup>2</sup>.

*Duke.* 'Tis good : though musick oft hath such a charm,

To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.

I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquired for me here to-day ? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

*Mari.* You have not been inquired after : I have sat here all day.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Duke.* I do constantly<sup>3</sup> believe you :—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little ; may be, I will call upon you anon for some advantage to yourself.

*Mari.* I am always bound to you.

[*Exit.*

*Duke.* Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good deputy ?

*Isab.* He hath a garden circummur'd with brick<sup>4</sup>,  
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd ;  
And to that vineyard is a planched gate<sup>5</sup>,  
That makes his opening with this bigger key :  
This other doth command a little door,  
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads ;  
There have I made my promise to call on him,  
Upon the heavy middle of the night<sup>6</sup>.

quarto, p. 171 :—"rather with *kisses* (which are counted the *seals of love*) they chose to confirm their unanimities, than otherwise to offend a resolved patience." REED.

<sup>2</sup> *My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.*] Though the musick sooth'd my sorrows, it had no tendency to produce light merriment. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *constantly*—] Certainly, without fluctuation of mind. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *circummur'd with brick,*] *Circummur'd*, walled round. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *a planched gate,*] i. e. a gate made of boards. *Planche*, Fr. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *There have I &c.*] In the old copy the lines stand thus :

*There have I made my promise upon the*

*Heavy middle of thenight, to call upon him.* STEEVENS.

The present regulation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

*Duke.*

*Duke.* But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

*Isab.* I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't;  
With whispering and most guilty diligence,  
In action all of precept<sup>7</sup>, he did shew me  
The way twice o'er.

*Duke.* Are there no other tokens  
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

*Isab.* No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;  
And that I have possess'd him<sup>8</sup>, my most stay  
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,  
I have a servant comes with me along,  
That stays upon me<sup>9</sup>; whose persuasion is,  
I come about my brother.

*Duke.* 'Tis well borne up.  
I have not yet made known to Mariana  
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth!

*Re-enter MARIANA.*

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;  
She comes to do you good.

*Isab.* I do desire the like.

*Duke.* Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

*Mari.* Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.

*Duke.* Take then this your companion by the hand,  
Who hath a story ready for your ear:  
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;  
The vaporous night approaches.

*Mari.* Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt MARI. and ISAB.*]

*Duke.* O place and greatness, millions of false eyes<sup>1</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *In action all of precept,*] i. e. shewing the several turnings of the way with his hand: which action contained so many precepts, being given for my direction. WARBURTON.

I rather think we should read, *In precept all of action*, that is, in direction given not by words, but by mute signs. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *I have possess'd him,*] I have made him clearly and strongly comprehend. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *That stays upon me;*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *false eyes*] That is, Eyes insidious and traitorous. JOHNSON.

Are stuck upon thee ! volumes of report  
 Run with these false and most contrarious quests<sup>2</sup>  
 Upon thy doings ! thousand 'scapes of wit  
 Make thee the father of their idle dream,  
 And rack thee in their fancies !—Welcome ! How agreed ?

*Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.*

*Isab.* She'll take the enterprize upon her, 'father,  
 If you advise it.

*Duke.* It is not my consent,  
 But my intreaty too.

*Isab.* Little have you to say,  
 When you depart from him, but, soft and low,  
 Remember now my brother.

*Mari.* Fear me not.

*Duke.* Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all :  
 He is your husband on a pre-contract :  
 To bring you taus together, 'tis no sin ;  
 Sith that the justice of your title to him  
 Doth flourish the deceit<sup>3</sup>. Come, let us go :  
 Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow<sup>4</sup>. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>2</sup> — *these false and most contrarious quests*] Lying and contradictory messengers. ANONYMOUS.  
 So, in *Othello* :

“ The senate has sent out three several quests.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Doth flourish the deceit.*] *Flourish* is ornament in general. So, in another play of Shakspeare :

“ —empty trunks o'er-flourish'd by the devil.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *for yet our tithe's to sow.*] Mr. The bald reads *tilth*, which Dr. Farmer observes is provincially used for *land till'd*, prepared for sowing ; and Mr. Steevens has shewn, that to *sow tilth* was a phrase once in use. This conjecture appears to me extremely probable. It must however be confessed that our author has already used the word *tilth* in this play, in its common acceptance, for *tillage* ; which would not suit here :

“ — so, her plenteous womb

“ Expresseth his full *tilth* and husbandry.” MALONE.

I believe *rybe* is right, and that the expression is proverbial, in which *rybe* is taken, by an easy metonymy, for *harvest*. JOHNSON.

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

*A Room in the Prison.**Enter Provost and Clown.*

*Prov.* Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

*Clown.* If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

*Prov.* Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gages; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpity'd whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

*Clown.* Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

*Prov.* What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

*Enter ABHORSON.*

*Abbor.* Do you call, sir?

*Prov.* Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him: He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

*Abbor.* A bawd, sir? Fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

*Prov.* Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [Exit.]

*Clown.* Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely, sir, a good favour<sup>s</sup> you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

<sup>s</sup> — a good favour] Favour is countenance. STEEVENS.

*Abbor.*



*Abhor.* Ay, sir; a mystery.

*Clown.* Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

*Abhor.* Sir, it is a mystery.

*Clown.* Proof.

*Abhor.* Every true man's apparel fits your thief<sup>6</sup>: If it

<sup>6</sup> Every true man's apparel fits your thief,] So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, the Hangman says:

"Here is nyne and twenty futes of apparell for my share."

STEEVENS.

A true man, in the language of our author's time, meant an honest man, and was generally opposed to a thief. Our jurymen are to this day called "good men and true." The following words—"If it be too little, &c." are given in the old copy to the *Clown*: the train of the argument shews decisively that they belong to *Abhorson*. The present arrangement, which is clearly right, was suggested by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

The sense of this speech is this: Every true man's apparel, which the thief robs him of, fits the thief; because, if it be too little for the thief, the true man thinks it big enough; i. e. a purchase too good for him. So that this fits the thief in the opinion of the true man. But if it be too big for the thief, yet the thief thinks it little enough; i. e. of value little enough. So that this fits the thief in his own opinion. The pleasantry of the joke consists in the equivocal sense of *big enough*, and *little enough*. WARBURTON.

There is still a further equivocation. The true man's apparel, which way soever it be taken, fitting the thief, the speaker considers him as a *fitter of apparel*, i. e. a tailor.

This, it must be acknowledged, on the first view, seems only to prove the thief's trade, not the hangman's, a mystery, which latter was the thing to be proved; but the argument is brought home to the hangman also, by the following state of it. "If (says Mr. Heath) Dr. Warburton had attended to the argument by which the bawd proves his own profession to be a mystery, he would not have been driven to the groundless supposition, & that part of the dialogue had been lost or dropped." The argument of the hangman is exactly similar to that of the bawd. As the latter puts in his claim to the whores, as members of his occupation, and, in virtue of their painting, would enroll his own fraternity in the mystery of painters; so the former equally lays claim to the thieves as members of his occupation, and in their right endeavours to rank his brethren, the hangmen, under the mystery of *fitters of apparel*, or tailors." MALONE.

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be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

*Re-enter Provost.*

*Prov.* Are you agreed?

*Clown.* Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner ask forgiveness<sup>7</sup>.

*Prov.* You, firrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

*Abhor.* Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

*Clown.* I do desire to learn, fir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me<sup>8</sup> yare<sup>8</sup>: for, truly fir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn<sup>9</sup>.

*Prov.* Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Clown and ABHORSON.*

*The one* has my pity; not a jot the other,  
Being a murder<sup>10</sup>er, though he were my brother.

*Enter CLAUDIO.*

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:  
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow  
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

*Claud.* As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour  
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:  
He will not wake.

*Prov.* Who can do good on him?

<sup>7</sup> — ask forgiveness.] So, in *As You Like It*:

"The common executioner,

"Whose heart the accusom'd sight of death makes hard,

"Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,

"But first begs pardon." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — yare:] i. e. handy. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> a good turn:] i. e. a turn off the ladder. He quibbles on the phrase according to its common acceptance. FARMER.

<sup>10</sup> — starkly] Stiffly. These two lines afford a very pleasing image.

JOHNSON.

Well,

Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?

Heaven give your spirits comfort!—*[Knocking within. Exit CLAUDIO.]*

By and by:—

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,  
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* The best and wholesomest spirits of the night  
Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

*Prov.* None, since the curfew rung?

*Duke.* Not Isabel?

*Prov.* No.

*Duke.* They will then<sup>2</sup>, ere't be long.

*Prov.* What comfort is for Claudio?

*Duke.* There's some in hope.

*Prov.* It is a bitter deputy.

*Duke.* Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd  
Even with the stroke<sup>3</sup> and line of his great justice;  
He doth with holy abstinence subdue  
That in himself, which he spurs on his power  
To qualify<sup>4</sup> in others: were he meal'd<sup>5</sup>  
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;  
But this being so<sup>6</sup>, he's just.—Now are they come.—

*[Knocking within. Provost goes out.]*  
This is a gentle provost; Seldom, when  
The steeld gaoler is the friend of men.—  
How now? What noise? That spirit's possess'd with haste,

<sup>2</sup> *They will then,*] Perhaps, *she* will then. *SHAW. HAWKINS.*

<sup>3</sup> *Even with the stroke—*] *Stroke* is here put for the *stroke* of a pen or a line. *JOHNSON.*

<sup>4</sup> *—To qualify*] To temper, to moderate; as we say, wine is *qualified* with water. *JOHNSON.*

<sup>5</sup> *—were he meal'd*] Were he sprinkled; were he defiled. A figure of the same kind our author uses in *Macbeth*:

“*The blood-bolter'd Banquo.*” *JOHNSON.*

*Meal'd* is mingled, compounded; from the French *mêler*.

*BLACKSTONE.*

<sup>6</sup> *But this being so,—*] The tenor of the argument seems to require—But this *not* being so—. Perhaps, however, the author meant only to say—But, his life being paralleled, &c. he's just. *MALONE.*

*T*(at

That wounds the unfixing postern <sup>7</sup> with these strokes.

*Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.*

*Prov.* There he must stay, until the officer  
Arise to let him in ; he is call'd up.

*Duke.* Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,  
But he must die to-morrow ?

*Prov.* None, sir, none.

*Duke.* As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,  
You shall hear more ere morning.

*Prov.* Happily,

You something know ; yet, I believe, there comes  
No countermand ; no such example have we :

Besides, upon the very siege of justice <sup>8</sup>,

Lord Angelo hath to the publick ear

Profess'd the contrary.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Duke.* This is his lordship's man <sup>9</sup>.

*Prov.* And here comes Claudio's pardon <sup>1</sup>.

*Mess.*

<sup>7</sup> That wounds the unfixing postern] *Unfixing* may signify "never at rest," always opening. BLACKSTONE.

Mr. Rowe reads—*unresisting* ; Sir T. Hanmer—*unresting*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —*siege of justice,*] i. e. *seat of justice.* *Siege*, Fr. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *This is his lordship's man.*] The old copy has—*his lord's man*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the Mf. plays of our author's time they often wrote *Lo.* for *Lord*, and *Lord.* for *Lordship* ; and these contractions were sometimes improperly followed in the printed copies. MALONE.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Duke.* *This is his lordship's man.*

*Prov.* *And by some Claudio's pardon.*] The Provost has just declared a fixed opinion that the execution will not be countermanded, and yet, upon the first appearance of the Messenger, he immediately guesses that his errand is to bring Claudio's pardon. It is evident, I think, that the names of the speakers are misplaced. If we suppose the Provost to say :

*This is his lordship's man,*

it is very natural for the Duke to subjoin,

*And here comes Claudio's pardon.*

The Duke might believe, upon very reasonable grounds, that Angelo had now sent the pardon. It appears that he did so, from what he says to himself, while the Provost is reading the letter :

*This is his pardon ; purchas'd by such sin—* TAYLOR.

*When,*

*Mess.* My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

*Prov.* I shall obey him. *[Exit Messenger.]*

*Duke.* This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin, *[Aside.]* For which the pardoner himself is in: Hence hath offence his quick celerity, When it is borne in high authority: When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended, That for the fault's love, is the offender friended.— Now, sir, what news?

*Prov.* I told you: Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on: methinks, strangely; for he hath not used it before.

*Duke.* Pray you, let's hear.

*Prov.* *[reads.]* *Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*

What say you to this, sir?

*Duke.* What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

*Prov.* A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

*Duke.* How came it, that the able Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

*Prov.* His friends still wrought reprieves for him:

When, immediately after the Duke had hinted his expectation of a pardon, the Provost sees the Messenger, he supposes the Duke to have known something, and changes his mind. Either reading may serve equally well. JOHNSON.

<sup>a</sup> — one that is a prisoner nine years old. *[i. e.]* That has been confined these nine years. So, in *Hamlet*: "Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike preparation, &c." MALONE.

And;

And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

*Duke.* Is it now apparent?

*Prov.* Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

*Duke.* Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

*Prov.* A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal<sup>3</sup>.

*Duke.* He wants advice.

*Prov.* He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

*Duke.* More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

*Prov.* Pray, sir, in what?

*Duke.* In the delaying death.

*Prov.* Alack! how may I do it? Having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

*Duke.* By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if

<sup>3</sup> —*desperately mortal.*] This expression is obscure. I am inclined to believe, that *desperately mortal* means *desperately mischievous*. Or *desperately mortal* may mean a man likely to die in a *desperate* state, without reflection or repentance. JOHNSON.

The word is often used by Shakspeare in the sense first affixed to it by Dr. Johnson, which I believe to be the true one. So, in *Othello*:

"And you, ye mortal engines," &c. MALONE.

my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

*Prov.* Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour<sup>4</sup>.

*Duke.* O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard<sup>5</sup>; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared<sup>6</sup> before his death: You know, the course is common<sup>7</sup>. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

*Prov.* Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

*Duke.* Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

*Prov.* To him, and to his substitutes.

*Duke.* You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

*Prov.* But what likelihood is in that?

*Duke.* Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuation can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, fir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: You know the

<sup>4</sup> — the favour.] See p. 89, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — and tie the beard;] A beard tied would give a very new air to that face, which had never been seen but with the beard loose, long, and squalid. JOHNSON.

Mr. Simpson proposed to read—*die* the beard; and Mr. Streevens has shewn, that it was the custom to *die* beards in our author's time. The text being intelligible, I have made no change, though the conjecture appears extremely probable. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — to be so bared—] These words relate to *Prov.* just preceded, —*shave the head*. The modern editions following the fourth folio, read—to be so *barb'd*; but the old copy is certainly right. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the *baring* of my beard; and to say it was in *stratagem*." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> You know, the course is common.] P. Matbieu, in his *Heroique Life and Death of Henry the Fourth of France*, says, that Ravilliac, in the midst of his tortures, lifted up his head, and shooke a spark of fire from his beard. "This unprofitable care, he adds, to save it, being noted, afforded matter to diverse to praise the *customs* in Germany, Swisserland, and divers other places, to *shave off*, and then to burn all the haire from all parts of the bodies of those who are convicted for any notorious crimes." Grimston's *Translation*, 4to. 1612, p. 181. REED.

character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

*Prov.* I know them both.

*Duke.* The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing, that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ<sup>8</sup>. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd: Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter Clown.*

*Clown.* I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession<sup>9</sup>: one would think, it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash<sup>1</sup>; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request,

<sup>8</sup> — *nothing of what is writ.*] We should read—here writ;—the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> — *in our house of profession:*] i. e. in my late mistress's house, which was a *professed*, a notorious bawdy-house. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *First, here's young master Rash, &c.*] All the names here mentioned are characteristic. *Rash* was a stuff formerly worn. MALONE.

This enumeration of the inhabitants of the prison affords a very striking view of the practices predominant in Shakspeare's age. Besides those whose follies are common to all times, we have four fighting men and a traveller. It is not unlikely that the originals of the pictures were then known. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *a commodity of brown paper and old ginger,*] In our author's time it was a common practice of money-lenders to give the borrower a



quest, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Capar, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lacky the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and master Forthright<sup>3</sup> the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tye the great traveller<sup>4</sup>, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think forty more; all great doers in our trade<sup>5</sup>, and are now for the Lord's sake<sup>6</sup>.

Enter

small sum of money, and some commodity of little value, which in the loan was estimated at perhaps ten times its value: The borrower gave a bond or other security, as if the whole had been advanced in money, and sold the commodity for whatever he could. Sometimes no money whatsoever was advanced; but the unfortunate borrower accepted of some goods of a trifling value, as equivalent to a large sum. The following passage in Greene's *Defence of Cony-catching*, 1592, (the quotation is Mr. Steevens's) fully illustrates that before us:—"so that if he borrow an hundred pound, he shall have forty in silver, and threescore in wares, as lutestrings, hobby-horses, or brown paper, or cloath, &c." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — master Forthright] The old copy reads *Fortblight*; but should not *Fortblight* be *Fortbricht*, alluding to the line in which the thrust is made? JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses this word in the *Tempest*: "Through *fortbrights* and meanders." Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act III. sc. iii:

"Or hedge aside from the direct *fortbricht*." STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that Dr. Johnson's correction is right. An anonymous writer defends the old reading, by supposing the allusion to be to the fencer's threat of making the *lights* shine through his *agonist*. Had he produced any proof that such an expression was in use in our author's time, his observation might have had some weight. It is probably a phrase of the present century. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — and brave master Shoetye the great traveller,] At this time *shoestrings* were generally worn. STEEVENS.

*Brave*, in old language, meant *fine, splendid in dress*. The finery which induced our author to give his traveller the name of *Shoe-tye*, was used on the stage in his time. "Would not this, sir, (says Hamlet) and a forest of feathers,—with two *Provencial* reflex on my raz'd *shoes*, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?" MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — all great doers in our trade,] The word *doers* is used here in a wanton sense. See Mr. Collins's note, Act I. sc. ii. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — for the Lord's sake,] i.e. to beg for the rest of their lives. WARB. I rather

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clown. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clown. Your friends, sir; the hangman: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

I rather think this expression intended to ridicule the puritans, whose turbulence and indecency often brought them to prison, and who considered themselves as suffering for religion.

It is not unlikely that men imprisoned for other crimes, might represent themselves to casual enquirers, as suffering for puritanism, and that this might be the common cant of the prisons. In Donne's time, every prisoner was brought to jail by suretiship. JOHNSON.

The phrase which Dr. Johnson has justly explained, is used in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636: "—I held it, wife, a deed of charity, and did it *for the Lord's sake*." STEEVENS.

I believe Dr. Warburton's explanation is right. It appears from a poem entitled, *Paper's Complaint*, printed among Davies's epigrams, [about the year 1611,] that this was the language in which prisoners who were confined for debt, addressed passengers:

"Good gentle writers, *for the Lord's sake, for the Lord's sake,*

"Like *Ludgate prisoner*, lo, I, *begging*, make

"My *monie*."

The meaning, however, may be, to beg or *borrow* for the rest of their lives. A passage in *Much Ado about Nothing* may countenance this interpretation:—"he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging to it, and *borrow*s money in *God's name*, the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing *for God's sake*."

Mr. Pope reads—and are now *in* for the Lord's sake. Perhaps unnecessarily. In *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Falstaff says,—“there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and *they are* for the town's end,—to beg during life.” MALONE.

*Enter BARNARDINE.*

*Abhor.* Is the axe upon the block, firrah?

*Clown.* Very ready, fir.

*Barnar.* How now, Abhorson? What's the news with you?

*Abhor.* Truly, fir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

*Barnar.* You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

*Clown.* O, the better, fir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

*Enter Duke.*

*Abhor.* Look you, fir, here comes your ghostly father; Do we jest now, think you?

*Duke.* Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

*Barnar.* Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

*Duke.* O fir, you must: and therefore, I beseech you, Look forward on the journey you shall go.

*Barnar.* I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

*Duke.* But hear you,—

*Barnar.* Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Provost.*

*Duke.* Unfit to live, or die: O gravel heart!—  
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt ABHORSON and Clown.*]

*Prov.* Now, fir, how do you find the prisoner?

*Duke.* A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;  
And, to transport him<sup>7</sup> in the mind he is,

<sup>7</sup> — to transport him] To remove him from one world to another.  
The French *trépas* affords a kindred sense. JOHNSON.

Were damnable.

*Prov.* Here in the prison, father,  
There died this morning of a cruel fever  
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,  
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,  
Just of his colour: What if we do omit  
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd;  
And satisfy the deputy with the visage  
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

*Duke.* O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!  
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on  
Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done,  
And sent according to command; whiles I  
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

*Prov.* This shall be done, good father, presently.  
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:  
And how shall we continue Claudio,  
To save me from the danger that might come,  
If he were known alive?

*Duke.* Let this be done;—Put them  
In secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:  
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting  
To yond generation<sup>8</sup>, you shall find  
Your safety manifested.

*Prov.* I am your free dependant.

*Duke.* Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.

[Exit Provost.]

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—  
The Provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents  
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;  
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound  
To enter publickly: him I'll desire  
To meet me at the consecrated fount,

<sup>8</sup> To yond generation,] Prisons are generally so constructed as not to admit the rays of the sun. Hence the Duke here speaks of its greeting only those *without* the doors of the jail, to which he must be supposed to point when he speaks these words. Sir T. Hanmer, I think without necessity, reads—To the under generation, which has been followed by the subsequent editors.

*Journal*, in the preceding line, is *daily*. Journalier, Fr. MALONE.

A league below the city ; and from thence,  
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form <sup>9</sup>,  
We shall proceed with Angelo.

*Re-enter Provost.*

*Prov.* Here is the head ; I'll carry it myself.

*Duke.* Convenient is it : Make a swift return ;  
For I would commune with you of such things,  
That want no ear but yours.

*Prov.* I'll make all speed.

*Isab.* [*within.*] Peace, ho, be here !

[*Exit.*

*Duke.* The tongue of Isabel :—She's come to know,  
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither  
But I will keep her ignorant of her good  
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,  
When it is least expected <sup>1</sup>.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Isab.* Ho, by your leave.

*Duke.* Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

*Isab.* The better, given me by so holy a man.  
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon ?

*Duke.* He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world ;  
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

*Isab.* Nay, but it is not so.

*Duke.* It is no other :

Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

*Isab.* O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

*Duke.* You shall not be admitted to his sight.

*Isab.* Unhappy Claudio ! Wretched Isabel !  
Injurious world ! Most damned Angelo !

*Duke.* This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot :  
Forbear it therefore ; give your cause to heaven.  
Mark, what I say ; which you shall find

<sup>9</sup> — weal-balanced form,] Thus the old copy. Mr. Heath thinks that *well-balanced* is the true reading ; and Hanmer was of the same opinion. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *When it is least expected.*] A better reason might have been given. It was necessary to keep Isabella in ignorance, that she might with more keenness accuse the deputy. JOHNSON.

By every syllable, a faithful verity :

The duke comes home to-morrow ;—nay, dry your eyes ;

One of our convent, and his confessor,

Gives me this instance : Already he hath carry'd

Notice to Escalus and Angelo ;

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom

In that good path, that I would wish it go ;

And you shall have your bosom<sup>2</sup> on this wretch,

Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,

And general honour.

*Isab.* I am directed by you.

*Duke.* This letter then to friar Peter give ;

'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return :

Say, by this token, I desire his company

At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,

I'll perfect him withal ; and he shall bring you

Before the duke ; and to the head of Angelo

Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,

I am combined by a sacred vow<sup>3</sup>,

And shall be absent. Wend<sup>4</sup> you with this letter :

Command these fretting waters from your eyes

With a light heart ; trust not my holy order,

if I pervert your course.—Who's here ?

*Enter Lucio.*

*Lucio.* Good even !

*Friar.* Where is the Provost ?

*Duke.* Not within, sir.

*Lucio.* O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red : thou must be patient : I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran ; I dare not for my head fill my belly ; one fruitful meal would set me to't : But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my

<sup>2</sup> — your bosom—] Your wish ; your heart's desire. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> I am combined by a sacred vow,] I once thought this should be *confirmed*, but Shakspeare uses *combine* for to bind by a pact or agreement ; so he calls Angelo the *combine* husband of Mariana. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> Wend you—] To *wend* is to go. STEEVENS.

troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners<sup>5</sup> had been at home, he had lived.

[Exit ISABELLA.

*Duke.* Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them<sup>6</sup>.

*Lucio.* Friar, thou knowest<sup>7</sup> not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman<sup>7</sup> than thou takest him for.

*Duke.* Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

*Lucio.* Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

*Duke.* You have told me too many of him already, fir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

*Lucio.* I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

*Duke.* Did you such a thing?

*Lucio.* Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

*Duke.* Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

*Lucio.* By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick. [Exeunt.

## SCENE IV.

*A Room in Angelo's House.*

*Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.*

*Escal.* Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other

*Ang.* In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions

<sup>5</sup> if the old fantastical duke of dark corners—] This duke who meets his mistresses in by-places. So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

"There is nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,

"Deserves a corner." MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, the odd *fantastical duke*, but *old* is a common word of aggravation in ludicrous language, as, *there was old revelling*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —he lives not in them.] i. e. his character depends not on them.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —woodman,] A woodman seems to have been an attendant or servant to the officer called *Forrester*. See *Manhood on the Forest Laws*,

tions shew mach like to madnes; pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

*Escal.* I guess not.

*Ang.* And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

*Escal.* He shews his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

*Ang.* Well; I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd: Betimes i' the morn<sup>g</sup>, I'll call you at your house: Give notice to such men of sort and suit<sup>9</sup>, As are to meet him.

*Escal.* I shall, sir: fare you well.

[Exit.]

*Ang.* Good night.—

This deed enshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant<sup>1</sup>, And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid! And by an eminent body, that enforc'd The law against it!—But that her tender shame Will not proclaim against her maiden loss, How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her?—no<sup>2</sup>:

4to. 1615, p. 46. It is here however used in a wanton sense, and was probably, in our author's time, generally so received. REED.

So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff asks his mistress,—"Am I a woodman? Ha!" STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —let it be proclaim'd:

*Betimes i' the morn, &c.*] Perhaps it should be pointed thus:

—let it be proclaim'd

*Betimes i' the morn: I'll call you at your house.*

So above: And why should we proclaim it an hour before his entering—?

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —sort and suit,] Figure and rank. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —makes me unpregnant,] In the first scene the Duke says that *Escalus* is pregnant, i. e. ready, in the forms of law. *Unpregnant* therefore, in the instance before us, is *unready, unprepared*. STEEV.

<sup>2</sup> —Yet reason dares her? no:] Yet does not reason challenge or incite her to accuse me?—no, (answers the speaker) for my authority &c. To dare, in this sense, is yet a school-phrase: Shakspeare probably learnt it there. He has again used the word with the same signification (as Mr. Steevens observes) in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.:

"Unless a brother should a brother dare

"To gentle exercise, &c." MALONE.



For my authority bears off a credent bulk,  
 That no particular scandal<sup>3</sup> once can touch,  
 But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,  
 Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,  
 Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,  
 By so receiving a dishonour'd life,  
 With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had liv'd!  
 Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,  
 Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not<sup>4</sup>. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE V.

*Fields without the Town.*

*Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar PETER.*

Duke. These letters<sup>5</sup> at fit time deliver me.

[*Giving letters.*]

The Provost knows our purpose, and our plot.  
 The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,  
 And hold you ever to our special drift;  
 Though sometimes you do blench<sup>6</sup> from this to that,  
 As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,  
 And tell him, where I stay: give the like notice  
 To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassius,

<sup>3</sup> — my authority bears off a credent bulk,

*That no particular scandal, &c.]* *Credent* is *creditable*, *imposing* *truth*, *not questionable*. The old English writers often confound the active and passive adjectives. So Shakspeare, and Milton after him, use *inexpressive* for *inexpressible*.—*Particular* is *private*, a French sense. No scandal from any *private* mouth can reach a man in my authority. *JOHNSON.*

The old copy reads—*bears off*, in which way *off* was formerly often spelt. *Bears off* Mr. Steevens interprets—*carries with it*. Perhaps *Angelo* means, that his authority will ward off or set aside the weightiest and most probable charge that can be brought against him. *MALONE.*

<sup>4</sup> — *we would, and we would not.]* Here undoubtedly the act should end, and was ended by the poet; for here is properly a cessation of action, and a night intervenes, and the place is changed, between the passages of this scene, and those of the next. The next act beginning with the following scene, proceeds without any interruption of time or change of place. *JOHNSON.*

<sup>5</sup> *These letters—]* Peter never delivers the letters, but tells his story without any credentials. The poet forgot the plot which he had formed. *JOHNSON.*

<sup>6</sup> — *you do blench—]* To *blench* is, to start off, to fly off. *STEEV.*

And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate ;  
But send me Flavius first.

*Fri. P.* It shall be speeded well. [Exit Friar.

*Enter VARRIUS.*

*Duke.* I thank thee, Varrius ; thou hast made good  
haste :

Come, we will walk : There's other of our friends  
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E VI:

*Street near the City Gate.*

*Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.*

*Isab.* To speak so indirectly, I am loth ;  
I would say the truth ; but to accuse him so,  
That is your part : yet I'm advis'd to do it ;  
He says, to veil full purpose <sup>7</sup>.

*Mari.* Be rul'd by him.

*Isab.* Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure  
He speak against me on the adverse side,  
I should not think it strange ; for 'tis a physick,  
That's bitter to sweet end.

*Mari.* I would, friar Peter—

*Isab.* O, peace ; the friar is come.

*Enter Friar PETER <sup>8</sup>.*

*Fri. P.* Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,  
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,

<sup>7</sup> *He says, to veil full purpose.] To veil full purpose, may, with very little force on the words, mean, to hide the whole extent of our design, and therefore the reading may stand ; yet I cannot but think Mr. Theobald's alteration [t' availful purpose] either lucky or ingenious. JOHNS.*

*If Dr. Johnson's explanation be right, (as I think it is,) the word should be written—veil, as it is now printed in the text. MALONE.*

<sup>8</sup> *Enter Friar PETER.] This play has two friars, either of whom might singly have served. I should therefore imagine, that Friar Thomas, in the first act, might be changed, without any harm, to Friar Peter : for why should the Duke unnecessarily trust two in an affair which required only one. The name of Friar Thomas is never mentioned in the dialogue, and therefore seems arbitrarily placed at the head of the scene. JOHNSON.*

He shall not pass you : Twice have the trumpets sounded ;  
 The generous<sup>9</sup> and gravest citizens  
 Have hent the gates<sup>1</sup>, and very near upon  
 The duke is ent'ring ; therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*A publick Place near the City Gate.*

MARIANA (*veild*), ISABELLA, and PETER, *at a distance.*  
*Enter at opposite Doors, Duke, VARRIUS, Lords ;*  
*ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, and*  
*Citizens.*

*Duke.* My very worthy cousin, fairly met :—  
 Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.  
*Ang. and Escal.* Happy return be to your royal grace !

*Duke.* Many and hearty thankings to you both.  
 We have made inquiry of you ; and we hear  
 Such goodness of your justice, that our soul  
 Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,  
 Fore-running more requital.

*Ang.* You make my bonds still greater.

*Duke.* O, your desert speaks loud ; and I should wrong it,  
 To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,  
 When it deserves with characters of brass  
 A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time  
 And razure of oblivion : Give me your hand,  
 And let the subjects see, to make them know  
 That outward courtesies would fain proclaim

<sup>9</sup> *The generous &c.] i. e. the most noble, &c. Generous is here used in its Latin sense. "Virgo generosa et nobilis." Cicero. Shakspeare uses it again in Othello :*

*"—— the generous islanders*

*"By you invited——." STEEVENS.*

<sup>1</sup> *Have hent the gates,] Have seized or taken possession of the gates.*

*Hent, henten, hende, (says Junius, in his Etymologicon,) Chaucer uses, capere, assequi, prehendere, arripere, ab. A. S. hendan. MAYONE.*

*Pa'ours*

Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus ;  
You must walk by us on our other hand ;—  
And good supporters are you.

PETER and ISABELLA come forward.

*Fri. P.* Now is your time ; speak loud, and kneel before him.

*Isab.* Justice, O royal Duke ! Vail your regard<sup>a</sup>  
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid !  
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye  
By throwing it on any other object,  
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,  
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice !

*Duke.* Relate your wrongs : In what ? By whom ? Be brief :

Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice ;  
Reveal yourself to him.

*Isab.* O worthy duke,  
You bid me seek redemption of the devil :  
Hear me yourself ; for that which I must speak  
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,  
Or wring redress from you : hear me, O hear me, here.

*Ang.* My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm :  
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,  
Cut off by course of justice.

*Isab.* By course of justice !

*Ang.* And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

*Isab.* Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak :  
That Angelo's forsworn ; is it not strange ?  
That Angelo's a murderer ; is't not strange ?  
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,  
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater ;  
Is it not strange, and strange ?

*Duke.* Nay, it is ten times strange.

*Isab.* It is not truer he is Angelo,

<sup>a</sup> — *Vail your regard*] That is, withdraw your thoughts from higher things, let your notice descend upon a wronged woman. To *vail*, is to lower. JOHNSON.

This is one of the few expressions which might have been borrowed from the old play of *Prometheus and Cassandra*, 1578 :

“ — *vail thou thine ears.*” STEEVENS.

Than this is all as true as it is strange : \*

Nay, it is ten times true ; for truth is truth

To the end of reckoning <sup>2</sup>.

*Duke.* Away with her :—Poor soul,  
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

*Isab.* O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st  
There is another comfort than this world,  
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion  
That I am touch'd with madness : make not impossible  
That which but seems unlike : 'tis not impossible,  
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,  
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute <sup>3</sup>,  
As Angelo ; even so may Angelo,  
In all his dressings <sup>4</sup>, characts <sup>5</sup>, title, forms,  
Be an arch-villain : believe it, royal prince,  
If he be less, he's nothing ; but he's more,  
Had I more name for badness.

*Duke.* By mine honesty,  
If she be mad, (as I believe no other,)  
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,  
Such a dependency of thing on thing,  
As e'er I heard in madness <sup>6</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> — truth is truth

[To the end of reckoning.] That is, truth has no gradations ; nothing which admits of increase can be so much what it is, as *truth is truth*. There may be a *strange* thing, and a thing *more strange* ; but if a proposition be *true*, there can be none *more true*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — as *shy*, as *grave*, as *just*, as *absolute*,] As *shy* ; as reserved, as abstracted : as *just* ; as nice, as exact : as *absolute* ; as complete in all the sound of duty. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> In all his dressings, &c.] In all his semblance of virtue, in all his habiliments of office. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *characts*,] i. e. characters. See *Dugdale Orig. Jurid.* p. 81 : — "That he use, ne hide, no charme, ne *caracte*." TYRWHITT.

*Charact* signifies an inscription. The stat. 1 Edw. VI. c. 2, directed the seals of office of every bishop to have "certain *characts* under the king's arms, for the knowlege of the diocese." *Characters* are the letters in which an inscription is written. *Charactery* is the materials of which characters are composed.

"Fairies use flowers for their *charactery*." *M. W. of Windsor*. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>6</sup> As e'er I heard in madness.] I suspect Shakspeare wrote :  
As ne'er I heard in madness. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Isab.*

*Isab.* Gracious duke,  
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason  
For inequality<sup>7</sup>: but let your reason serve  
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;  
And hide the false, seems true<sup>8</sup>.

*Duke.* Many that are not mad,  
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

*Isab.* I am the sister of one Claudio,  
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication  
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:  
I, in probation of a sisterhood,  
Was sent to by my brother: One Lucio  
As then the messenger;—

*Lucio.* That's I, an't like your grace:  
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her  
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,  
For her poor brother's pardon.

*Isab.* That's he, indeed.

*Duke.* You were not bid to speak.

*Lucio.* No, my good lord;  
Nor with'd to hold my peace.

*Duke.* I wish you now then;  
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have  
A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then  
Be perfect.

*Lucio.* I warrant your honour.

*Duke.* The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

*Isab.* This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

*Lucio.* Right.

7 —do not banish reason.

For inequality:] Let not the high quality of my adversary pre-  
judice you against me. JOHNSON.

I imagine, the meaning rather is—Do not suppose I am mad, because  
I speak passionately and unequally. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> And hide the false, seems true.] And for ever hide, i. e. plunge  
into eternal darkness, the false one, i. e. Angelo, who now seems ho-  
nest. Many other words would have expressed our poet's meaning better  
than hide; but he seems to have chosen it merely for the sake of oppo-  
sition to the preceding line. Mr. Theobald unnecessarily reads—Not  
hide the false,—which has been followed by the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

*Duke.*

*Duke.* It may be right; but you are in the wrong  
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

*Isab.* I went

To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

*Duke.* That's somewhat madly spoken.

*Isab.* Pardon it;

The phrase is to the matter.

*Duke.* Mended again: the matter;—Proceed.

*Isab.* In brief,—to set the needless process by,  
How I perswaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,  
How he resell'd me<sup>9</sup>, and how I reply'd;  
(For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion  
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:  
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body  
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,  
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,  
My sisterly remorse<sup>1</sup> confutes mine honour,  
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,  
His purpose surfeiting<sup>2</sup>, he sends a warrant  
For my poor brother's head.

*Duke.* This is most likely!

*Isab.* O, that it were as like, as it is true<sup>3</sup>!

*Duke.* By heaven, fond wretch<sup>4</sup>, thou know'st not what  
thou speak'st;

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,  
In hateful practice<sup>5</sup>: First, his integrity  
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason,  
That with such vehemency he should pursue  
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended.  
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,  
And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you on;

<sup>9</sup> *How he resell'd me,*] To *resel* is to resute. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *My sisterly remorse—*] i. e. pity. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *His purpose surfeiting,*] So, in *Orbello*:

“—my hopes, not *surfeited* to death.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *O, that it were as like, as it is true!*] The meaning, I think, is:  
O, that it had as much of the *appearance*, as it has of the *reality*, of  
truth! MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —fond wretch,] *Fond wretch* is *foolish wretch*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *In hateful practice:*] *Practice* was used by the old writers for any  
unlawful or insidious stratagem. JOHNSON.

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice  
Thou cam'st here to complain.

*Isab.* And is this all?

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,  
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,  
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up  
In countenance<sup>6</sup>!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,  
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

*Duke.* I know, you'd fain be gone:—An officer!  
To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit  
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall  
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice<sup>7</sup>.—  
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

*Isab.* One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

*Duke.* A ghostly father, belike:—Who knows that  
Lodowick?

*Lucio.* My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;  
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,  
For certain words he spake against your grace  
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

*Duke.* Words against me? 'This' a good friar, belike!  
And to set on this wretched woman here  
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

*Lucio.* But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar  
I saw them at the prison: a lawcy friar,  
A very scurvy fellow.

*Friar P.* Blessed be your royal grace!  
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard  
Your royal ear abus'd: First, hath this woman  
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;  
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,  
As she from one ungot.

*Duke.* We did believe no less.  
Know you that friar Lodowick, that she speaks of?

*Friar P.* I know him for a man divine and holy;

<sup>6</sup> *In countenance!*] i. e. in partial favour. WARBURTON.

Perhaps rather, in fair appearance, in the external sanctity of this  
outward-sainted Angelo. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — practice.] *Practice*, in Shakspeare, very often means *shameful*  
*artifice*, unjustifiable stratagem. STEEVENS.



Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler<sup>8</sup>,  
As he's reported by this gentleman;  
And, on my trust, a man that never yet  
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

*Lucio.* My lord, most villainously; believe it.

*Friar P.* Well, he in time may come to clear himself;  
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,  
Of a strange fever: Upon his mere request<sup>9</sup>,  
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint  
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo,) came I hither,  
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know  
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,  
And all probation, will make up full clear,  
Whensoever he's convented<sup>1</sup>. First, for this woman;  
(To justify this worthy nobleman,  
So vulgarly<sup>2</sup> and personally accus'd,)  
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,  
'Till she herself confess it.

*Duke.* Good friar, let's hear it.

*ISABELLA is carried off, guarded; and*

*MARIANA comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—  
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!  
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo;  
In this I'll be impartial<sup>3</sup>; be you judge  
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?

First,

<sup>8</sup> — *nor a temporary medler,*] It is hard to know what is meant by a temporary medler. In its usual sense, as opposed to perpetual, it cannot be used here. It may stand for temporal, the last will the be, I know him for a holy man, one that meddles not with secular affairs. It may mean temporising: I know him to be a holy man, one who would not temporise, or take the opportunity of your absence to disame you. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *his mere request,*] Solely, entirely upon his request. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Whensoever he's convented.*] To convent and to convene are derived from the same Latin verb, and have exactly the same meaning. STEEV.

<sup>2</sup> *So vulgarly—*] Meaning either so grossly, with such indecency of invective, or by so mean and inadequate witnesses. JOHNSON.

*Vulgarly*, I believe, means publicly. The vulgar are the common people. Daniel uses vulgarly for among the common people:

“ ——— and which pleases vulgarly. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *In this I'll be impartial;*] Impartial was sometimes used in the sense

First, let her shew her face<sup>4</sup>; and, after, speak.

*Mari.* Pardon, my lord; I will not shew my face,  
Until my husband bid me.

*Duke.* What, are you marry'd?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* Are you a maid?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* A widow then?

*Mari.* Neither, my lord.

*Duke.* Why, you are nothing then:—neither maid,  
widow, nor wife?

*Lucio.* My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them  
are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

*Duke.* Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause.  
To prattle for himself.

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Mari.* My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was marry'd;  
And I confess, besides, I am no maid:  
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not,  
That ever he knew me.

*Lucio.* He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no bet-  
ter.

*Duke.* For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert so  
too.

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

of *partial*. In the old play of *Swetnam the Woman-bater*, Atlanta cries  
out, when the judges decree against the women:

"You are *impartial*, and we do appeal

"From you to judges more indifferent." FARMER.

So in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 2d part, 1602:

"—There's not a beauty lives,

"Hath that *impartial* predominance

"O'er my affects, as your enchanting graces."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597:

"Cruel, unjust, *impartial* destinies!"

Again: "—this day, this unjust, *impartial* day."

In the language of our author's time *im* was frequently used as an  
augmentative or intensive particle. MALONE.

4 — her *faces*] The original copy reads—*your* face. The emenda-  
tion was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

\* *Neither maid, widow, nor wife?*] This is a proverbial phrase to  
be found in Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

*Duke.* This is no witness for lord Angelo.

*Mari.* Now I come to't, my lord :

She, that accuses him of fornication,  
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband ;  
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,  
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,  
With all the effect of love.

*Ang.* Charges she more than me ?

*Mari.* Not that I know.

*Duke.* No ? you say, your husband.

*Mari.* Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,  
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,  
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

*Ang.* This is a strange abuse :—Let's see thy face.

*Mari.* My husband bids me ; now I will unmask.

[*unveiling.*]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,  
Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on :  
'This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,  
Was fast belock'd in thine : this is the body,  
That took away the match from Isabel,  
And did supply thee at thy garden-house<sup>5</sup>,  
In her imagin'd person.

*Duke.* Know you this woman ?

*Lucio.* Carnally, she says.

*Duke.* Sirrah, no more.

*Lucio.* Enough, my lord.

*Ang.* My lord, I must confess, I know this woman ;  
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> *This is a strange abuse :*] *Abuse* stands in this place for *deception*, or *puzzle*. So, in *Macbeth*, "— my strange and self abuse," means, *this strange deception of myself*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *And did supply thee at thy garden-house,*] A garden-house in the time of our author was usually appropriated to purposes of intrigue. So, in *SKIALETHIA*, or a *shadow of truth*, in certain *Epigrams and Satyres*, 1598 :

" Who coming from The CURTAIN, sneaketh in

" To some old garden noted house for sin."

Again, in the *London Prodigal*, a com. 1605 : " Sweet lady, if you have any friend, or garden-house, where you may employ a poor gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all secret service." MALDENE.

Between

Betwixt myself and her : which was broke off,  
Partly, for that her promised proportions  
Came short of composition<sup>7</sup> ; but, in chief,  
For that her reputation was disvalued  
In levity : since which time, of five years,  
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,  
Upon my faith and honour.

*Mari.* Noble prince,

As there comes light from heaven, and words from  
breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,  
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly  
As words could make up vows : and, my good lord,  
But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,  
He knew me as a wife : As this is true,  
Let me in safety raise me from my knees ;  
Or else for ever be confix'd here,  
A marble monument !

*Ang.* I did but smile till now ;

Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice ;  
My patience here is touch'd : I do perceive,  
These poor informal women<sup>8</sup> are no more  
But instruments of some more mightier member,  
That sets them on : Let me have way, my lord,  
To find this practice out.

*Duke.* Ay, with my heart ;

<sup>7</sup> — her promised proportions

<sup>8</sup> *Came short of composition*.] Her fortune, which was promised proportionate to mine, "a short of the composition, that is, contract or bargain." JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *These poor informal women*—] *Informal* signifies out of their senses. In the *Comedy of Errors*, we meet with these lines :

" ——— I will not let him stir,

" Till I have us'd the approved means I have,

" With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,

" To make of him a formal man again."

*Formal*, in this passage, evidently signifies in his senses. The lines are spoken of Antipholus of Syracuse, who is behaving like a madman. Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

" Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,  
" Not like a formal man." STEEVENS.

And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—  
 Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,  
 Compact with her that's gone! think'st thou, thy oaths,  
 Though they would swear down each particular saint,  
 Were testimonies against his worth and credit,  
 That's seal'd in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,  
 Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains  
 To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—  
 There is another friar that set them on;  
 Let him be sent for.

*Friar P.* Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,  
 Hath set the women on to this complaint:  
 Your provost knows the place where he abides,  
 And he may fetch him.

*Duke.* Go, do it instantly.— [Exit Provost.  
 And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,  
 Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth  
 Do with your injuries as seems you best  
 In any chastisement: I for a while  
 Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well  
 Determined upon these slanderers.

*Escal.* My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.— [Exit Duke.  
 Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew that friar Lo-  
 dowick to be a dishonest person?

*Lucio.* *Cucullus non facit monachum*: honest in nothing,  
 but in his cloaths; and one that hath spoke most villain-  
 ous speeches of the duke.

*Escal.* We shall entreat you to abide here till he come,  
 and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a  
 notable fellow.

*Lucio.* As any in Vienna, on my word.

*Escal.* Call that same Isabel here once again; [to an

<sup>9</sup> *That's seal'd in approbation?* When any thing subject to counter-  
 feits is tried by the proper officers and approved, a stamp or *seal* is put  
 upon it, as among us on plate, weights, and measures. So the duke  
 says, that Angelo's faith has been tried, *approved*, and *seal'd* in testi-  
 mony of that *approbation*, and, like other things so *sealed*, is no more  
 to be called in question. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — *to hear this matter forth,*] To hear it to the end; to search it  
 to the bottom. JOHNSON.

*Attendant.]*

*Attendant.*] I would speak with her: pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

*Lucio.* Not better than he, by her own report.

*Escal.* Say you?

*Lucio.* Marry, fir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess; perchance, publicly she'll be ashamed.

*Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA; the Duke in the Friar's habit, and Provost.*

*Escal.* I will go darkly to work with her.

*Lucio.* That's the way; for women are light at midnight<sup>2</sup>.

*Escal.* Come on, mistress; [*to Isabella.*] here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

*Lucio.* My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

*Escal.* In very good time:—speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

*Lucio.* Mum.

*Escal.* Come, fir, did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

*Duke.* 'Tis false.

*Escal.* How! know you where you are?

*Duke.* Respect to your great place! and let the devil<sup>3</sup> be sometimes honour'd for his burning throne:—Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

*Escal.* The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak: Look, you speak justly.

*Duke.* Boldly, at least:—But, O, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?

<sup>2</sup> — are light at midnight.] This is one of the words on which Shakspeare chiefly delights to quibble. Thus, Portia in the *M. of V.*

“Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Respect to your great place! and let the devil &c.*] I suspect that a line preceding this has been lost. MALONE.

Shakspeare was a reader of Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny; and in the 7th book and 8th chapter, might have met with this idea: “The *Augylæ* do no worship to any but to the devils beneath.” STEEV.

Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,  
Thus to retort your manifest appeal<sup>4</sup>,  
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,  
Which here you come to accuse.

*Lucio.* This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

*Escal.* Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!  
Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women  
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,  
And in the witness of his proper ear,  
To call him villain?

And then to glance from him to the duke himself;  
To tax him with injustice?—Take him hence;  
To the rack with him:—We'll touze you joint by joint,  
But we will know this purpose<sup>5</sup>. What, unjust?

*Duke.* Be not so hot; the duke  
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he  
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,  
Nor here provincial<sup>6</sup>: My business in this state  
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,  
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,  
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults;  
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes  
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop<sup>7</sup>,

As

4 — *to retort your manifest appeal,*] To refer back to Angelo the cause in which you *appealed* from Angelo to the Duke. JOHNSON.

5 — *this purpose:*] The old copy has—*his* purpose. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. I believe the passage has been corrected in the wrong place; and would read:

—We'll touze *him* joint by joint,

But we will know *his* purpose. MALONE.

6 *Nor here provincial:*] Nor here *accountable*. The meaning seems to be, I am not one of his natural subjects, nor of any dependent province. JOHNSON.

7 *Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,*] Barbers' shops were, at all times, the resort of idle people:

“*Tonsilrina erat quædam: hic solebamus ferè*

“*Plerumque tam oppriri*——”

which Donatus calls *apta sedes otiosis*. Formerly with us, the better sort of people went to the barber's shop to be trimmed; who then practised the under parts of surgery: so that he had occasion for numerous instruments, which lay there ready for use; and the idle people, with whom

As much in ~~mock~~ as mark.

*Escal.* Slander to the state ! Away with him to prison.

*Ang.* What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio ?  
Is this the man, that you did tell us of ?

*Lucio.* 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate : Do you know me ?

*Duke.* I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice : I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

*Lucio.* O, did you so ? And do you remember what you said of the duke ?

*Duke.* Most notably, sir.

*Lucio.* Do you so, sir ? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward\*, as you then reported him to be ?

*Duke.* You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report : you, indeed, spoke so of him ; and much more, much worse.

*Lucio.* O thou damnable fellow ! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches ?

*Duke.* I protest, I love the duke, as I love myself.

whom his shop was generally crowded, would be perpetually handling and misusing them. To remedy which, I suppose, there was placed up against the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this kind ; which, it is not likely, would long preserve its authority. *WARR.*

This explanation may serve till a better is discovered. But whoever has seen the instruments of a chirurgion, knows that they may very easily be kept out of improper hands in a very small box, or in his pocket. *JOHNSON.*

It was formerly part of a barber's occupation to pick the teeth and ears. *STEEVENS.*

The forfeits in a barber's shop were brought forward by Mr. Kenrick, with a parade worthy of the subject. *FARMER.*

It may be proper to add, that in a newspaper called the *Daily Magazine, or, London Advertiser*, Oct. 15, 1773, which, I am informed, was conducted by Mr. Kenrick, he almost acknowledges, that the Verses exhibiting a catalogue of these forfeits, which he pretended to have met with at Malton or Thirsk, in Yorkshire, were a forgery. *MALONE.*

\* — and a coward,] So, again afterwards :

" You, sirrah, that know me for a fool, a coward,

" One all of luxury —."

But *Lucio* had not, in the former conversation, mentioned cowardice among the faults of the duke. Such failures of memory are incident to writers more diligent than this poet. *JOHNSON.*

*Ang.*



*Ang.* Hark ! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

*Escal.* Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal :—Away with him to prison :—Where is the Provost ?—Away with him to prison ; lay bolts enough upon him : let him speak no more : Away with those giglots too<sup>o</sup>, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*]

*Duke.* Stay, sir ; stay a while.

*Ang.* What ! resists he ? Help him, Lucio.

*Lucio.* Come, sir ; come, sir ; come, sir : <sup>folly</sup>folly, sir ; Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal ! you must be hooded, must you ? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you ! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour ! Will't not off ? [*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

*Duke.* Thou art the first knave, that e'er made a duke.—First, provost, let me bail these gentle three :—Sneak not away, sir ; [*to Lucio.*] for the friar and you must have a word anon :—lay hold on him.

*Lucio.* This may prove worse than hanging.

*Duke.* What you have spoke, I pardon ; sit you down.—  
[*to Escalus.*]

We'll borrow place of him :—Sir, by your leave : [*to Ang.*]  
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,  
That yet can do the office ? If thou hast,  
Rely upon it, till my tale be heard,  
And hold no longer out.

*Ang.* O my dread lord,

<sup>o</sup> — *those giglots too,*] A giglot is a wanton wench. *SHAKESPEARE.*

<sup>1</sup> *Show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour !*] Dr. Johnson's alteration [*an how ?*] is wrong. In the *Alchemist*, we meet with "a man that has been strangled an hour."—"What, Piper, ho ! be hang'd a-while," is a line of an old madrigal. *FARMER.*

A similar expression is found in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614 : "Leave the bottle behind you, and be curst a while." *MALONE.*

The poet evidently refers to the ancient mode of punishing by the *colli-trigium*, or the original pillory, made like that part of the pillory at present which receives the neck, only it was placed horizontally, so that the culprit hung suspended in it by his chin, and the back of his head. A distinct account of it may be found, if I mistake not, in Mr. Barrington's *Observations on the Statutes*. *HENLEY.*

I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,  
 'To think I can be undiscernable,  
 When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,  
 Hath look'd upon my passes<sup>2</sup>: Then, good prince,  
 No longer session hold upon my shame,  
 But let my trial be mine own confession;  
 Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,  
 Is all the grace I beg.

*Duke.* Come hither, Mariana:—

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

*Ang.* I was, my lord.

*Duke.* Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—

Do you the office, friar; which consummate<sup>3</sup>,  
 Return him here again:—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt* ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and Provost.]

*Isabel.* My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,  
 Than at the strangeness of it.

*Duke.* Come hither, Isabel:

Your friar is now your prince: as I was then  
 Adverting, and holy to your business,  
 Not changing heart with habit, I am still  
 Attorney'd at your service.

*Isabel.* O, give me pardon,

That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd  
 Your unknown sovereignty.

*Duke.* You are pardon'd, Isabel:

And now, dear maid, be you as free to us<sup>5</sup>.  
 Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;  
 And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,  
 Labouring to save his life; and would not rather  
 Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,  
 Than let him so be lost: O, most kind maid,  
 It was the swift celerity of his death,  
 Which I did think with slower foot came on,

<sup>2</sup> — my passes:] i. e. what has past in my administration. STEEV.

<sup>3</sup> — *wast thou consummate,*] i. e. which *being* consummated. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Adverting, and holy*—] Attentive and faithful. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *be you as free to us.*] Be as generous to us; pardon us as we have pardoned you. JOHNSON.

That brain'd my purpose<sup>6</sup>: But, peace be with him!  
 That life is better life, past fearing death,  
 Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,  
 So happy is your brother.

*Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and Provost.*

*Isab.* I do, my lord.

*Duke.* For this new-married man, approaching here,  
 Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd  
 Your well-defended honour, you must pardon  
 For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,  
 (Being criminal, in double violation  
 Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach<sup>7</sup>,  
 Thereon dependant, for your brother's life,)  
 The very mercy of the law cries out  
 Most audible, even from his proper tongue<sup>8</sup>,  
*An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.*  
 Hasten still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;  
 Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*<sup>9</sup>.  
 Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifest;  
 Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage<sup>1</sup>:  
 We do condemn thee to the very block

<sup>6</sup> *That brain'd my purpose:*] We now use in conversation a like phrase. *This it was that knocked my design on the head.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *and of promise-breach,*] Our author ought to have written—"in double violation of sacred chastity, and of *promise*," instead of—*promise-breach*. Sir T. Hanmer reads—and in promise-breach; but change is certainly here improper, Shakspeare having many similar inaccuracies. *Double* indeed may refer to Angelo's conduct to Mariana and Isabel; yet still some difficulty will remain: for then he will be said to be "*criminal* [instead of *guilty*] of promise-breach." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *even from his proper tongue,*] Even from Angelo's own tongue. So, above: "*—in the witness of his proper ear—*" &c. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> So, in the Third Part of *K. Henry VI*:

"*Measure for Measure* must be answered." STEEVENS.

Shakspeare might have remembered these lines in *A Warning for faire Women*, a tragedy, 1599 (but apparently written some years before):

"The trial now remains, as shall conclude

"*Measure for Measure*, and lost blood for blood." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage:*] The denial of which will avail thee nothing. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"Which to deny, concerns more than avails." MALONE.

Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste ;—  
Away with him. \*

*Mari.* O, my most gracious lord,  
I hope you will not mock me with a husband !

*Duke.* It is your husband mock'd you with a husband :  
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,  
I thought your marriage fit ; else imputation,  
For that he knew you, might reproach your life, •  
And choke your good to come : for his possessions,  
Although by confiscation they are ours <sup>2</sup>,  
We do instate and widow you withal,  
To buy you a better husband.

*Mari.* O, my dear lord,  
I crave no other, nor no better man.

*Duke.* Never crave him ; we are definitive.

*Mari.* Gentle my liege,— [kneeling.

*Duke.* You do but lose your labour ;  
Away with him to death.—Now, fir, [to Lucio.] to you.

*Mari.* O, my good lord !—Sweet Isabel, take my part ;  
Lend me your knee, and all my life to come  
I'll lend you, all my life to do you service.

*Duke.* Against all sense you do importune her <sup>3</sup> ;  
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,  
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,  
And take her hence in horror.

*Mari.* Isabel,  
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me ;  
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.  
They say, best men are moulded out of faults ;

<sup>2</sup> *Although by confiscation they are ours,*] This reading was furnished by the editor of the second folio. The original copy has *confutation*, which may be right :—by his being confuted, or proved guilty of the fact which he had denied. This however being rather harsh, I have followed all the modern editors in adopting the emendation that has been made. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Against all sense you do importune her :*] The meaning required is, against all reason and natural affection ; Shakespeare, therefore, judiciously uses a single word that implies both ; *sense* signifying both reason and affection. JOHNSON.

The same expression occurs in the *Tempest*, Act II.

“ You cram these words into my ears, against

“ The stomach of my sense.” STEEVENS.

And, for the most, become much more the better  
 For being a little bad : so may my husband.  
 O Isabel ! will you not lend a knee !

*Duke.* He dies for Claudio's death.

*Isab.* Most bounteous sir,

[*kneeling.*

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,  
 As if my brother liv'd : I partly think,  
 A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,  
 Till he did look on me<sup>4</sup> ; since it is so,  
 Let him not die : My brother had but justice,  
 In that he did the thing for which he died :  
 For Angelo,  
 His act did not o'ertake his bad intent<sup>5</sup> ;  
 And must be bury'd but as an intent,  
 That perish'd by the way : thoughts are no subjects ;  
 Intent but merely thoughts.

*Mari.* Merely, my lord.

*Duke.* Your suit's unprofitable ; stand up, I say.—  
 I have bethought me of another fault.—  
 Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded  
 At an unusual hour ?

<sup>4</sup> *Till he did look on me ;*] The duke has justly observed that Isabel is importuned against all sense to solicit for Angelo, yet here against all sense she solicits for him. Her argument is extraordinary.

*A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,*

*Till he did look on me ; since it is so,*

*Let him not die.*

That Angelo had committed all the crimes charged against him, as far as he could commit them, is evident. The only intent which his act did not overtake, was the defilement of Isabel. Of this Angelo was only intentionally guilty.

Angelo's crimes were such, as must sufficiently justify punishment, whether its end be to secure the innocent from wrong, or to deter guilt by example ; and I believe every reader feels some indignation when he finds him spared. From what extenuation of his crime, can Isabel, who yet supposes her brother dead, form any plea in his favour ? Since he was good 'till he looked on me, let him not die. I am afraid our varlet poet intended to inculcate, that women think ill of nothing that raises the credit of their beauty, and are ready, however virtuous, to pardon any act which they think incited by their own charms. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *His act did not o'ertake his bad intent ;*] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,

“ Unless the deed go with it.” STEEVENS.

*Prov.*

*Prov.* It was commanded so.

*Duke.* Had you a special warrant for the deed?

*Prov.* No, my good lord; it was by private message.

*Duke.* For which I do discharge you of your office:

Give up your keys.

*Prov.* Pardon me, noble lord:

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;

Yet did repent me, after more advice<sup>6</sup>:

For testimony whereof, one in the prison,

That should by private order else have died,

I have reserv'd alive.

*Duke.* What's he?

*Prov.* His name is Barnardine.

*Duke.* I would thou had'st done so by Claudio.—

Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him. [*Exit Prov.*]

*Escal.* I am sorry, one so learned and so wise

As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,

Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,

And lack of temper'd judgement afterward.

*Ang.* I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure:

And so deep sticks in my penitent heart,

That I crave death more willingly than mercy;

'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, and*

*JULIET.*

*Duke.* Which is that Barnardine?

*Prov.* This, my lord.

*Duke.* There was a friar told me of this man:—

Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,

That apprehends no further than this world,

And quar'rst thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd;

But, for those earthly faults<sup>7</sup>, I quit them all;

And pray thee, take this mercy to provide

For better times to come:—Friar, advise him;

I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?

<sup>6</sup> — after more advice:] i. e. after more consideration. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — for those earthly faults,] Thy faults, so far as they are punishable on earth, so far as they are cognisable by temporal power, I forgive.

JOHNSON.

*Prov.*

*Prov.* 'This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,  
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;  
As like almost to Claudio, as himself. [*unmuffles Claudio.*]

*Duke.* If he be like your brother, [*to Isab.*] for his sake  
Is he pardon'd; And, for your lovely sake,  
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,  
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.  
By this, Lord Angelo perceives he's safe<sup>8</sup>;  
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye:—  
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well<sup>9</sup>:  
Look that you love your wife<sup>1</sup>; her worth, worth yours<sup>2</sup>.—  
I find an apt remission in myself:

And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon<sup>3</sup>:—  
You, sirrah, [*to Lucio.*] that knew me for a fool, a coward,  
One all of luxury<sup>4</sup>, an ass, a mad-man;  
Wherein have I so deserved of you,  
That you extol me thus?

*Lucio.* 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the  
trick<sup>5</sup>: If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had ra-  
ther it would please you, I might be whip'd.

*Duke.* Whip'd first, sir, and hang'd<sup>6</sup> after.—  
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;  
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,  
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one  
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,

<sup>8</sup> — *perceives he's safe*;] It is somewhat strange that Isabel is not made to express either gratitude, wonder, or joy, at the sight of her brother. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *your evil quits you well*:] *Quits you*, recompenses, requites you. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Look, that you love your wife*;] So, in *Promos*, &c.

"Be loving to good Cassandra, thy wife." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *her worth, worth yours*.] That is, her value is equal to your value; the match is not unworthy of you. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *here's one in place I cannot pardon*;] The duke only means to frighten Lucio, whose final sentence is to marry the woman whom he had wronged, on which all his other punishments are remitted. STEEV.

<sup>4</sup> *One all of luxury*.—] *Luxury*, in our author's time, signified concupiscence. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *according to the trick*:] To my custom, my habitual practice. JOHNSON.

And

And he shall marry her : the nuptial finish'd,  
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

*Lucio.* I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore ! Your highness said even now, I made you a duke ; good my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold.

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her,  
Thy slanders I forgive ; and therewithal  
Remit thy other forfeits <sup>6</sup> :—Take him to prison ;  
And see our pleasure herein executed.

*Lucio.* Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death,  
whipping, and hanging.

*Duke.* Sland'ring a prince deserves it.—  
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—  
Joy to you, Mariana !—love her, Angelo ;  
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—  
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness <sup>7</sup> ;  
There's more behind, that is more grate <sup>8</sup>.  
Thanks, provost, for thy care, and secrecy ;  
We shall employ thee in a worthier place :—  
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home

The

<sup>6</sup> — *thy other forfeits :*] Thy other punishments. JOHNSON.

To forfeit anciently signified to commit a carnal offence. STEEVENS.

*Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness :*] I have always thought that there is great confusion in this concluding speech. If my criticism would not be censured as too licentious, I should regulate it thus :

*Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness.*

*Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy ;*

*We shall employ thee in a worthier place.*

*Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home*

*The head of Ragosine for Claudio's.*

*Ang. The offence pardons itself.*

*Duke. There's more behind*

*That is more grate. Dear Isabel,*

*I have a motion, &c.* JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *that is more grate.*] i. e. to be more rejoiced in ; meaning, I suppose, that there is another world, where he will find yet greater reason to rejoice in consequence of his upright ministry. *Escalus* is represented as an ancient nobleman, who, in conjunction with *Angelo*, had reached the highest office of the state. He, therefore, could not be sufficiently rewarded here ; but is necessarily referred to a future and more exalted recompence. STEEVENS.



The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;  
 The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,  
 I have a motion much imports your good;  
 Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,  
 What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:—  
 So bring us to our palace; where we'll show  
 What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*]

I think the Duke means to say,—I thank thee, Escalus, for thy upright conduct during thy administration of government. At some future time I shall shew you some more substantial, more *gratulatory*, and *acceptable* marks of my approbation, than mere thanks. MALONE.

9 I cannot help taking notice with how much judgment Shakspeare has given turns to this story from what he found it in Cynthio Giraldi's novel. In the first place, the brother is there actually executed, and the governour sends his head in a bravado to the sister, after he had debauched her on promise of marriage: a circumstance of too much horror and villainy for the stage. And, in the next place, the sister afterwards is, to solder up her disgrace, married to the governour, and begs his life of the emperor, though he had unjustly been the death of her brother. Both which absurdities the poet has avoided by the episode of Mariana, a creature purely of his own invention. The duke's remaining incognito at home to supervise the conduct of his deputy, is also entirely our authour's fiction.

This story was attempted for the scene before our author was fourteen years old, by one George Whetstone, in *Two Comical Discourses*, as they are called, containing the right excellent and famous history of Promos and Cassandra, printed with the black letter, 1578. The author going that year with Sir Humphrey Gilbert to Norimberga, left them with his friends to publish. THEOBALD.

The novel of Cynthio Giraldi, from which Shakspeare is supposed to have borrowed this fable, may be read in *Shakspeare illustrated*, elegantly translated, with remarks which will assist the enquirer to discover how much absurdity Shakspeare has admitted or avoided.

I cannot but suspect that some other had new-modelled the novel of Cynthio, or written a story which in some particulars resembled it, and that Cynthio was not the author whom Shakspeare immediately followed. The emperor in Cynthio is named Maximine; the duke, in Shakspeare's enumeration of the persons of the drama, is called Vincentio. This appears a very slight remark; but since the duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by his title, why should he be called Vincentio among the persons, but because the name was copied from the story, and placed superfluously at the head of the list by the mere habit of transcription? It is therefore likely that there was then a story of Vincentio duke of Vienna, different from that of Maximine emperor of the Romans.

OF

Of this play the light or comick part is very natural and pleasing, but the grave scenes, if a few passages be excepted, have more labour than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than arifull. The time of the action is indefinite; some time, we know not how much, must have elapsed between the recess of the duke and the imprisonment of Claudio; for he must have learned the story of Mariana in his disguise, or he delegated his power to a man already known to be corrupted. The unities of action and place are sufficiently preserved. JOHNSON.

The duke probably had learnt the story of Mariana in some of his former retirements, "having ever loved the life removed" (page 18): And he had a suspicion that Angelo was but a *semer* (page 20), and therefore he stays to watch him. BLACKSTONE.

The Fable of Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578.

"The Argument of the whole History."

"In the cyttie of *Julio* (sometimes under the dominion of *Corwinus* kynge of *Hungarie*, and *Bohemia*,) there was a law, that what man is ever committed adultery should lose his head, and the woman offender should weare some disguised apparel, during her life, to make her infamously noted. This severe lawe, by the favour of some mercifull magistrate, became little regarded, untill the time of lord *Promos*' auctorite; who convicting a young gentleman named *Andrugio* of incontinency, condemned both him and his minion to the execution of this statute. *Andrugio* had a very virtuous and beautiful gentlewoman to his sister, named *Cassandra*: *Cassandra*, to enlarge her brother's life, submitted an humble petition to the lord *Promos*: *Promos* regarding her good behaviours, and fantasying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke; and doying good, that evill might come thereof, for a time he reprieved her brother: but wicked man, touning his liking into unlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour, raunsome for her brothers life: chaste *Cassandra*, abhorring both him and his sute, by no perswasion would yeald to this raunsome. But in fine, wonne with the importunitie of his brother (pleading for life), upon these conditions she agreed to *Promos*. First, that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. *Promos*, as feareles in promise, as carelesse in performance, with sollemne vowe sygned her conditions; but worse then any infydell, his will satisfiied, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to keepe his auctorite unspotted with favour, and to prevent *Cassandra*'s clamors, he commaunded the gayler secretly, to present *Cassandra* with her brother's head. The gayler, [touched] with the outcries of *Andrugio*, (abhorryng *Promos*' lewdenes) by the providence of God provided thus for his safety. He presented *Cassandra* with a felony-head newlie executed; who knew it not, being mangled, from her brothers (who was set at libertie by the gayler). [She] was so agreed at this trecherye, that, at the point to kyl her self, she spared that stroke, to be avenged of *Promos*: and devysing a way, she concluded, to make her fortunes knowne unto the kinge. She, executing

this resolution, was so highly favoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on *Promos*: whose judgment was, to marry *Cassandra*, to repaire her crased honour; which donne, for his hainous offence, he should lose his head. This maryage solempnised, *Cassandra* tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest futer for his life: the kinge, tendringe the generall benefit of the cōmon weale before her special case, although he favoured her much, would not graunt her fute. *Andrugio* (disguised amonge the company) forrowing the grieve of his sister, bewrayde his safety, and craved pardon. The kinge, to renowne the vertues of *Cassandra*, pardoned both him and *Promos*. The circumstances of this rare historye, in action livelye foloweth."

*Wellsfont*, however, has not afforded a very correct analysis of his play, which contains a mixture of comick scenes, between a Bawd, a Pimp, Felons, &c. together with some serious situations which are not described. STEEVENS.

One paragraph of the foregoing narrative being strangely confused in the old copy, by some carelessness of the printer, I have endeavoured to rectify it, by transposing a few words, and adding two others, which are included within crotchets. MALONE.

COMEDY of ERRORS.

## Persons Represented.

Solinus, *Duke of Ephesus.*

Ægeon, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

Antipholus of Ephesus\*, } *Twin Brothers, and Sons to*  
Antipholus of Syracuse, } *Ægeon and Emilia, but un-*  
  } *known to each other.*

Dromio of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, and Attendants on*  
Dromio of Syracuse, } *the two Antipholus's.*

Balthazar, *a Merchant.*

Angelo, *a Goldsmith.*

*A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*

Pinch, *a School-master, and a Conjuror.*

Emilia, *Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

Adriana, *Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Luciana, *her Sister.*

Luce, *her Servant.*

*A Courtesan.*

*Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants.*

## S C E N E, Ephesus.

\* In the old copy, these brothers are occasionally styled, Antipholus *Erotes*, or *Erretis*; and Antipholus *Sereptus*; meaning, perhaps—*erraticus*, and *surreptus*. One of these twins wandered in search of his brother, who had been forced from Emilia by fishermen of Corinth. The following acrostic is the argument to the *Menæchmi* of Plautus: Delph. Edit. p. 654.

*Mercator Siculus, cui erant gemini filii,*

*Ei, surrepto altero, mors obtrigit.*

*Nomen surreptitii illi indit qui domi est*

*Aous paternus, facit Menæchmum Sosiclem.*

*Et is germanum, postquam adolevit, quæritat*

*Circum omnes oras. Post Epidamnum devenit:*

*Hic fuerat auctus ille surreptitius.*

*Menæchmum civem credunt omnes advenam:*

*Eumque appellant, meretrix, uxor, et socer.*

*Si se cognoscunt fratres postremò invicem.*

The translator, W. W. calls the brothers, *Menæchmus Sosicles*, and *Menæchmus the traveller*. Whencesoever Shakespeare adopted *erraticus* and *surreptus* (which either he or his editors have mis-spelt) these distinctions were soon dropt, and throughout the rest of the entries the twins are styled of *Syracuse* or *Ephesus*. STEEVENS.

# COMEDY of ERRORS.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Hall in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter Duke, ÆGEON, Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.*

*Æge.* Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,  
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

*Duke.* Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;  
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:  
The enmity and discord, which of late  
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke  
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—  
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,

<sup>1</sup> Shakspeare certainly took the general plan of this comedy from a translation of the *Menechmi* of Plautus, by W. W. i. c. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whose version of the acrostical argument already quoted, is as follows:

- “ Two twinne-borne sonnes a Sicill marchant had,
- “ Menechmus one, and Soficles the other;
- “ The first his father lost, a little lad;
- “ The grandfire namde the latter like his brother:
- “ This (growne a man) long travell tooke to seeke
- “ His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
- “ Where th’ other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
- “ That citizens there take him for the same:
- “ Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
- “ Much pleasant error, ere they meete together.”

Perhaps the last of these lines suggested to Shakspeare the title for his piece.—See this translation of the *Menechmi*, among *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEVENS.

I suspect this and all other plays where much rhyme is used, and especially in long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspeare's more early productions. BLACKSTONE.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1593. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,  
 Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.  
 For, since the mortal and intestine jars  
 'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,  
 It hath in solemn synods been decreed,  
 Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,  
 To admit no traffick to our adverse towns :

Nay, more,  
 If any, born at Ephesus, be seen  
 At any Syracusan marts and fairs,  
 Again, If any, Syracusan born,  
 Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,  
 His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose ;  
 Unless a thousand marks be levied,  
 To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.  
 Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,  
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;  
 Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

*Æge.* Yet this my comfort ; when your words are done,  
 My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

*Duke.* Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause  
 Why thou departedst from thy native home ;  
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

*Æge.* A heavier task could not have been impos'd,  
 Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable :  
 Yet, that the world may witness, that my end  
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence <sup>2</sup>,  
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.  
 In Syracusa was I born ; and wed  
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,  
 And by me too <sup>3</sup>, had not our hap been bad.  
 With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd,  
 By prosperous voyages I often made  
 To Epidamnum, till my factor's death ;

<sup>2</sup> — by nature, not by vile offence,] Not by any criminal act, but by natural affection, which prompted me to seek my son at Ephesus. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> And by me too,—] Too, which is not found in the original copy, was added by the editor of the second folio, to complete the metre.

MALONE

And he, great care of goods at random left<sup>4</sup>,  
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:  
 From whom my absence was not six months old,  
 Before herself (almost at fainting, under  
 The pleasing punishment that women bear,)  
 Had made provision for her, following me,  
 And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.  
 There had she not been long, but she became  
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons;  
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,  
 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.  
 That very hour, and in the self-same inn,  
 A poor mean woman<sup>5</sup> was delivered  
 Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:  
 Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,  
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.  
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,  
 Made daily motions for our home return:  
 Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.  
 We came aboard:  
 A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,  
 Before the always-wind-obeying deep  
 Gave any tragick instance of our harm:  
 But longer did we not retain much hope;  
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant  
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds  
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death;  
 Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,  
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,  
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,  
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,  
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,

<sup>4</sup> And he, great care of goods at random left,] Surely we should read:  
 And the great care of goods at random left  
 Drew me, &c.

The text, as exhibited in the old copy, can scarcely be reconciled to  
 grammar. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> A poor mean woman—] Poor is not in the original copy. It was  
 inserted for the sake of the metre by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

Forc'd



Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.  
 And this it was,—for other means was none.—  
 The sailors fought for safety by our boat,  
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us :  
 My wife, more careful for the latter-born,  
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,  
 Such as sea-faring men provide for storms ;  
 To him one of the other twins was bound,  
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.  
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,  
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,  
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;  
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,  
 Were carry'd towards Corinth, as we thought.  
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,  
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;  
 And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,  
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered  
 Two ships from far making amain to us,  
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :  
 But ere they came,—O, let me say no more !  
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

*Duke.* Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so ;  
 For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

*Æge.* O, had the gods done so, I had not now  
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us !  
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,  
 We were encounter'd by a mighty rock ;  
 Which being violently borne upon<sup>6</sup>,  
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,  
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us,  
 Fortune had left to both of us alike  
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.  
 Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burdened  
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,  
 Was carried with more speed before the wind ;  
 And in our sight they three were taken up

<sup>6</sup> —borne upon,] The original copy reads—borne up. The additional syllable was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.  
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;  
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,  
 Gave helpful welcome<sup>7</sup> to their shipwreck'd guests;  
 And would have rest the fishers of their prey,  
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail,  
 And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—  
 Thus have you heard me fever'd from my bliss;  
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,  
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

*Duke.* And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,  
 Do me the favour to dilate at full  
 What hath befall'n of them, and thee<sup>8</sup>, till now.

*Æge.* My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,  
 At eighteen years became inquisitive  
 After his brother; and importun'd me,  
 That his attendant, (for his case was like<sup>9</sup>,  
 Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,)  
 Might bear him company in the quest of him:  
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,  
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.  
 Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,  
 Roaming clean through<sup>1</sup> the bounds of Asia,  
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;  
 Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,  
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.  
 But ~~here~~ must end the story of my life;  
 And happy were I in my timely death,  
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

*Duke.* Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd  
 To bear the extremity of dire mishap!

<sup>7</sup> *Gave helpful welcome*—] Old Copy—*healthful welcome*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio.—So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

“And gave the tongue a *helpful welcome*.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *and thee, till now*.] The first copy erroneously reads—*and they*. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *for his case was like*—] The original copy has—*so his*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *clean through*—] In the northern parts of England this word is still used instead of *quite, fully, perfectly, completely*. STEEVENS.

Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,  
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,  
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,  
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.  
 But, though thou art adjudged to the death,  
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd,  
 But to our honour's great disparagement,  
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can :  
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,  
 To seek thy help<sup>2</sup> by beneficial help :  
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus ;  
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,  
 And live ; if not<sup>3</sup>, then thou art doom'd to die :—  
 Jailer, take him to thy custody.

*Jail.* I will, my lord.

*Æge.* Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend<sup>4</sup>,  
 But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [Exeunt

## S C E N E II.

*A publick Place.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and a Merchant.*

*Mer.* Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,  
 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.  
 This very day, a Syracusan merchant  
 Is apprehended for arrival here ;  
 And, not being able to buy out his life,  
 According to the statute of the town,  
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.  
 There is your money that I had to keep.

*Ant. S.* Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,  
 And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.  
 Within this hour it will be dinner time :

<sup>2</sup> *To seek thy help—*] Mr. Pope and some other modern editors read—*To seek thy life &c.* But the jingle has much of Shakspeare's manner. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *—if not,*] Old Copy—*no.* Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *—wend,*] i. e. go. An obsolete word. STEVENSON.

Till that I'll view the manners of the town,  
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;  
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.

Get thee away.

*Dro. S.* Many a man would take you at your word,  
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit Dro. S.*]

*Ant. S.* A trusty villain, fir; that very oft,  
When I am dull with care and melancholy,  
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.  
What, will you walk with me about the town,  
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

*Mer.* I am invited, fir, to certain merchants,  
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;  
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,  
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,  
And afterwards consort you till bed-time<sup>s</sup>;  
My present business calls me from you now.

*Ant. S.* Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,  
And wander up and down to view the city.

*Mer.* Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*]

*Ant. S.* He that commends me to mine own content,  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
I to the world am like a drop of water,  
That in the ocean seeks another drop;  
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,  
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:  
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,  
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—

What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

*Dro. E.* Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

<sup>s</sup> And afterwards consort you till bed-time;] We should read, I believe,

“And afterwards consort with you till bed-time.”

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.” MALONE.

The

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit ;  
 The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,  
 My mistress made it one upon my cheek ;  
 She is so hot, because the meat is cold ;  
 The meat is cold, because you come not home ;  
 You come not home, because you have no stomach ;  
 You have no stomach, having broke your fast ;  
 But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,  
 Are penitent for your default to-day.

*Ant. S.* Stop in your wind, fir ; tell me this, I pray ;  
 Where have you left the money that I gave you ?

*Dro. E.* O,—fixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,  
 To pay the sadler for my mistress' crupper ;—  
 The sadler had it, fir, I kept it not.

*Ant. S.* I am not in a sportive humour now :  
 Tell me, and dally not, where is the money ?  
 We being strangers here, how dar'st thou wast  
 So great a charge from thine own custody ?

*Dro. E.* I pray you, jest, fir, as you sit at dinner :  
 I from my mistress come to you in post ;  
 If I return, I shall be post indeed <sup>6</sup> ;  
 For she will score your fault upon my pate.  
 Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock<sup>7</sup>,  
 And strike you home without a messenger.

*Ant. S.* Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season ;  
 Reserve them till a merrier hour than this :  
 Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ?

*Dro. E.* To me, fir ? why you gave no gold to me.

*Ant. S.* Come on, fir knave, have done your foolishness,  
 And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

6 ——— I shall be post indeed,

*For she will score your fault upon my pate.]* Perhaps, before writing was a general accomplishment, a kind of rough reckoning concerning wares issued out of a shop was kept by chalk or notches on a *post*, till it could be entered on the books of a trader. So *Kisely* the merchant making his jealous enquiries concerning the familiarities used to his wife, *Cob* answers : “—if I saw any body to be kiss'd, unless they would have kiss'd the *post* in the middle of the warehouse ; &c.” STEEVENS.

7 — your clock,] The old copy reads—your *clock*. Mr. Pope made the change. MALONE.

*Dro. E.*

*Dro. E.* My charge was but to fetch you from the mart  
Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner;  
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

*Ant. S.* Now, as I am a christian, answer me,  
In what safe place you have dispos'd my money;  
Or I shall break that merry scone<sup>8</sup> of yours,  
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:  
Where is the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

*Dro. E.* I have some marks of yours upon my pate,  
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,  
But not a thousand marks between you both.—  
If I should pay your worship those again,  
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

*Ant. S.* Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast  
thou?

*Dro. E.* Your worship's wife, my mistress at the  
Phoenix;

She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner.  
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

*Ant. S.* What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,  
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

*Dro. E.* What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold  
your hands;  
Nay, an you will not sir, I'll take my heels.

[Exit DROMIO, &c.]

*Ant. S.* Upon my life, by some device or other,  
The villain is o'er-raught<sup>9</sup> of all my money.

They say, this town is full of cozenage<sup>1</sup>;  
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,  
Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind,  
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body<sup>2</sup>;

Dis-

<sup>8</sup> — that merry scone—] *Scone* is bread. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — o'er-raught—] That is, over-reached. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> They say, this town is full of cozenage;] This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence *ἑσπρία ἀλεξίφάρμακα* was proverbial amongst them. Thus Menander uses it, and *ἑσπρία γράμματα*, in the same sense. WARBURTON

<sup>2</sup> As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,  
Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind,

Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;] Perhaps the epithets  
have

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,  
 And many such like liberties of fin<sup>3</sup>:  
 If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.  
 I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;  
 I greatly fear, my money is not safe.

[Exit,

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A publick Place.*

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,  
 That in such haste I sent to seek his master!  
 Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

*Luc.* Perhaps, some merchant hath invitèd him,  
 And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.  
 Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:

A man is master of his liberty:  
 Time is their master; and, when they see time,  
 They'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister.

have been misplaced, and the lines should be read thus:

*Soul-killing forcerers, that change the mind,*

*Dark-working witches, that deform the body;*

This change seems to remove all difficulties.—By *soul-killing* I understand destroying the rational faculties by such means as make men fancy themselves beasts. JOHNSON.

Witches or forcerers themselves, as well as those who employed them, were supposed to forfeit their souls by making use of a forbidden agency. In that sense, they may be said to destroy the souls of others as well as their own. I believe Dr. Johnson has done as much as was necessary to remove all difficulty from the passage.

The hint for this enumeration of cheats, &c. Shakspeare received from the old translation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595. "For this assure yourselfe, this towne *Epidamnus* is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and lasciviousnesse; and (I heare) as full of ribaulds, parasites, drunkards, catchpoles cony-catchers, and lycophants, as it can hold: then for curti-zans, &c." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — liberties of fin:] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *libertines*, which, as the author has been enumerating not acts but persons, seems right.

JOHNSON.

*Adr.*

*Adr.* Why should their liberty than ours be more?

*Luc.* Because their business still lies out o' door.

*Adr.* Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill<sup>4</sup>.

*Luc.* O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

*Adr.* There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

*Luc.* Why head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe<sup>5</sup>.

There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,  
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:  
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,  
Are their males' subject, and at their controls:  
Men, more divine, the masters of all these\*,  
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,  
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,  
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,  
Are masters to their females, and their lords:  
Then let your will attend on their accords.

*Adr.* This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

*Luc.* Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

*Adr.* But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

*Luc.* Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

*Adr.* How if your husband start some other where<sup>6</sup>?

*Luc.* Till he come home again, I would forbear.

*Adr.* Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause<sup>7</sup>;  
They can be meek, that have no other cause.  
A wretched soul, bruise'd with adversity,  
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;

<sup>4</sup> —ill.] This word, which the rhyme seems to countenance, was furnished by the editor of the second folio. The first has—*bus*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Adr.* There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

*Luc.* Why head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.] The meaning of this passage may be, that those who refuse the bridle must bear the lash, and that woe is the punishment of head-strong liberty. STEEVENS.

\* Men—the masters &c.] The old copy has *Man*—the master &c. and in the next line—*Lord*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —start some other where?] I suspect that *where* has here the power of a noun. So, in *K. Lear*:

“Thou lovest *here*, a better *where* to find.”

The sense is, *How? if your husband fly off in pursuit of some other woman?* So again, p. 149: “—his eye doth homage *o'erwhere*.”

*O'erwhere* signifies—in other places. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —she pause;] To *pause* is to rest, to be in quiet. JOHNSON.



But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,  
 As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:  
 So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,  
 With urging helpless patience\* would'st relieve me;  
 But, if thou live to see like right bereft,  
 'This fool-begg'd<sup>3</sup> patience in thee will be left.

*Luc.* Well, I will marry one day, but to try;  
 Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Adr.* Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my  
 two ears can witness.

*Adr.* Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou  
 his mind?

*Dro. E.* Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:  
 Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

*Luc.* Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his  
 meaning?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well  
 feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could  
 scarce understand them<sup>2</sup>.

*Adr.* But say, I pr'ythee, 'is he coming home?  
 It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

*Dro. E.* Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

*Adr.* Horn-mad, thou villain?

*Dro. E.* I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark-  
 mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

\* *With urging helpless patience*—] By exhorting me to patience,  
 which affords no help. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"As those poor birds that helpless berries saw." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —*fool-begg'd*—] She seems to mean, by *fool-begg'd patience*, that  
 patience which is so near to *idiotical simplicity*, that your next relation  
 would take advantage from it to represent you as a *fool*, and beg the  
 guardianship of your fortune. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —*that I could scarce understand them*.] i. e. that I could scarce  
 stand under them. This quibble, poor as it is, seems to have been the  
 favourite of Shakspeare. It has been already introduced in the *Two  
 Gentlemen of Verona*: "—my staff understands me." STEEVENS.

He

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold<sup>1</sup> :  
*'Tis dinner-time,* quoth I : *My gold,* quoth he :  
*Your meat doth burn,* quoth I ; *My gold,* quoth he :  
*Will you come home,* quoth I<sup>2</sup> ? *My gold,* quoth he :  
*Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain ?*  
*The pig,* quoth I, *is burn'd,* *My gold,* quoth he :  
*My mistress, sir,* quoth I ; *Hang up thy mistress ;*  
*I know not thy mistress ; out on thy mistress !*

*Luc.* Quoth who ?

*Dro. E.* Quoth my master :

*I know,* quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress ;—*  
 So that my errand, due unto my tongue,  
 I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders ;  
 For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

*Adr.* Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

*Dro. E.* Go back again, and be new beaten home ?

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

*Adr.* Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

*Dro. E.* And he will bless that cross with other beating :  
 Between you I shall have a holy head.

*Adr.* Hence, prating peasant ; fetch thy master home.

*Dro. E.* Am I so round with you, as you with me<sup>3</sup>,  
 That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus ?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither :  
 If I last in this service, you must case me in leather<sup>4</sup>.

[*Exit.*

*Luc.* Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face !

*Adr.* His company must do his minions grace,  
 Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.  
 Hath homely age the alluring beauty took

<sup>1</sup> — *a thousand marks in gold :*] The old copy reads—*a hundred marks.* The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *will you come home, quoth I ?*] The word *home*, which the metre requires, but is not in the authentick copy of this play, was suggested by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Am I so round with you, as you with me,*] He plays upon the word *round*, which signified *spherical* applied to himself, and *unrestrained*, or *free in speech or action*, spoken of his mistress. So the king, in *Hamlet*, bids the queen be *round* with her son. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *case me in leather.*] Still alluding to a football, the bladder of which is always covered with leather. STEEVENS.

From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:  
 Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?  
 If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,  
 Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.  
 Do their gay vestments his affections bait?  
 That's not my fault, he's master of my state:  
 What ruins are in me, that can be found  
 By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground  
 Of my defeatures<sup>5</sup>: My decayed fair<sup>6</sup>  
 A sunny look of his would soon repair:  
 But, too unruly deer<sup>7</sup>, he breaks the pale,  
 And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale<sup>8</sup>.

Luc.

<sup>5</sup> *Of my defeatures*:] By *defeatures* is here meant *alteration of features*. At the end of this play the same word is used with a somewhat different signification. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *My decayed fair*] Shakspeare uses the adjective *Gilt*, as a substantive, for *what is gilt*, and in this instance *fair* for *fairness*. Το μὲν παλόν, is a similar expression. In the *Midsommer Night's Dream*, the old quartos read:

“Demetrius loves your fair.”

Again, in Shakspeare's 68th Sonnet:

“Before these bastard signs of fair were born.”

Again, in the 83d Sonnet:

“And therefore to your fair no painting set.” STEEVENS.

*Fair* is frequently used *substantively* by the writers of Shakspeare's time. So Marston, in one of his satires:

“As the greene meads, whose native outward faire

“Breathes sweet perfumes into the neighbour air.” FARMER.

<sup>7</sup> *But, too unruly deer*,] The ambiguity of *deer* and *dear* is borrowed, poor as it is, by Waller, in his poem on a lady's Girdle:

“This was my heaven's extremest sphere,

“The pale that held my lovely deer.” JOHNSON.

Shakspeare has played upon this word in the same manner in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“Fondling, saith she, since I have hemm'd thee here,

“Within the circuit of this ivory pale,

“I'll be thy park, and thou shalt be my deer;

“Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or on dale.”

The lines of Waller seem to have been immediately copied from these.

MALONE,

<sup>8</sup> — *poor I am but his stale*.] “*Stale* to catch these thieves;” in the *Tempest*, undoubtedly means a *fraudulent bait*. Here it seems to imply the same as *stalking-horse*, *pretence*. I am, says Adriana, but his *pretended*

*Luc.* Self-harming jealousy!—fye, beat it hence.

*Adr.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere;  
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?  
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain;  
Would that alone alone he would detain,  
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!  
I see, the jewel, best enamelled,  
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,  
That others touch, yet often touching will  
Wear gold: and no man, that hath a name,  
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.  
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,  
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

*Luc.* How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*]

tended wife, the mask under which he covers his amours. So, in the *Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587:

"Was I then chose and wedded for his *stale*,

"To looke and gape for his retireless sayles

"Pust back and flittering spread to every winde?"

Again, in the old translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595, from whence Shakspeare borrowed the expression: "He makes me a *stale* and a laughing-stock." STEEVENS.

Perhaps *stale* may here have the same meaning as the French word *chaperon*. *Poor I am but the cover for his infidelity.* COLLINS.

9 *Would that alone alone he would detain,*] The first copy reads:

Would that alone a *love* &c.

The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

1 *I see, the jewel, best enamelled,*

*Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,*

*That others touch, yet often touching will*

*Wear gold: and no man, that hath a name,*

*But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.*] This passage in the original copy is very corrupt. It reads—

—yet the gold 'bides still

That others touch; and often touching will

Where gold; and no man, that hath a name

By falsehood &c.

The word *though* was suggested by Mr. Steevens; all the other emendations by Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton. *Wear* is used as a dissyllable. The commentator last mentioned, not perceiving this, reads—and so no man &c. which has been followed, I think improperly, by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

## SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up  
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave  
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out,  
By computation, and mine host's report.  
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first  
I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

How now, fir? is your merry humour alter'd?  
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.  
You know no Centaur? You receiv'd no gold?  
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?  
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,  
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

*Dro. S.* What answer, fir? when spake I such a word?

*Ant. S.* Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

*Dro. S.* I did not see you since you sent me hence,  
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;  
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;  
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

*Dro. S.* I am glad to see you in this merry vein:  
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

*Ant. S.* Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?  
Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

*[beating him.]*

*Dro. S.* Hold, fir, for God's sake: now your jest is  
earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

*Ant. S.* Because that I familiarly sometimes  
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,  
Your sawciness will jest upon my love,  
And make a common of my serious hours<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> *And make a common of my serious hours.]* i. e. intrude on them when you please. The allusion is to those tracts of ground destined to common use, which are thence called *commons*. STEEVENS.

When

When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,  
But keep in crannies, when he hides his beams.  
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,  
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,  
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

*Dro. S.* Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too<sup>3</sup>; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

*Ant. S.* Dost thou not know?

*Dro. S.* Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

*Ant. S.* Shall I tell you why?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

*Ant. S.* Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—for urging it the second time to me.

*Dro. S.* Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?—

Well, sir, I thank you.

*Ant. S.* Thank me, sir? for what?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

*Ant. S.* I'll make you amends next<sup>4</sup>, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

*Dro. S.* No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

*Ant. S.* In good time, sir, what's that?

*Dro. S.* Basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

*Dro. S.* If it be, sir, pray you eat none of it.

*Ant. S.* Your reason?

*Dro. S.* Lest it make you cholerick<sup>5</sup>, and purchase me

3 — and insconce it] A *sconce* was a petty fortification. STEEVENS.

4 — next,] Our author probably wrote—next time. MALONE.

5 Lest it make you cholerick, &c.] So, in the *Taming of the Shrew*:

“I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,

“And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

“For it engenders choler, planteth anger, &c.” STEEVENS.

another dry-basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, fir, learn to jest in good time. There's a time for all things.

*Dro. S.* I durst have deny'd that, before you were so cholerick.

*Ant. S.* By what rule, fir?

*Dro. S.* Marry, fir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

*Ant. S.* Let's hear it.

*Dro. S.* There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

*Ant. S.* May he not do it by fine and recovery?

*Dro. S.* Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

*Ant. S.* Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

*Dro. S.* Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair<sup>6</sup>, he hath given them in wit.

*Ant. S.* Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

*Dro. S.* Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair<sup>7</sup>.

*Ant. S.* Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

*Dro. S.* The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

*Ant. S.* For what reason?

*Dro. S.* For two; and found ones too.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not found, I pray you.

*Dro. S.* Sure ones then.

<sup>6</sup> —and what he hath scanted men in hair,] The old copy reads—scanted them. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's.—The same error is found in the Induction to *K. Henry IV.* P. II. edit. 1623:

"Stuffing the ears of them with false reports." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.] That is, Those who have more hair than wit, are easily entrapped by loose women, and suffer the consequences of lewdness, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the loss of hair.

JOHNSON.

*Ant.*

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing<sup>s</sup>.

*Dro. S.* Certain ones then.

*Ant. S.* Name them.

*Dro. S.* The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring<sup>9</sup>; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

*Ant. S.* You would all this time have proved, there is no time<sup>2</sup> for all things.

*Dro. S.* Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time<sup>2</sup> to recover hair lost by nature.

*Ant. S.* But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

*Dro. S.* Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

*Ant. S.* I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion:  
But soft! who wafts us yonder?

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;  
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,  
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow  
That never words were musick to thine ear<sup>3</sup>,  
That never object pleasing in thine eye,  
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,  
That never meat sweet-favour'd in thy taste,

<sup>s</sup> — *falsing*.] This word is now obsolete. Spenser and Chaucer often use the verb to *false*. The author of the *Revisal* would read *failing*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *that he spends in tiring*;] The old copy reads—in *trying*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope; MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *there is no time*] The old copy reads—*here is* &c. The editor of the second folio made the correction. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *no time* &c.] The first folio has—in no time &c. *In* was rejected by the editor of the second folio. Perhaps the word should rather have been corrected. The author might have written—*in* no time, &c. See many instances of this corruption in a note on *All's Well that ends Well*, Act I. sc. i. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *That never words were musick to thine ear*,] Imitated by Pope in his *Epistle from Sappho to Phaon*:

“My musick then you could for ever hear,

“And all my words were musick to your ear.” MALONE.

Unless



Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carry'd to thee.  
 How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,  
 That thou art then estranged from thyself?  
 Thyself I call it, being strange to me,  
 That, undividable, incorporate,  
 Am better than thy dear self's better part.  
 Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;  
 For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall  
 A drop of water in the breaking gulph,  
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,  
 Without addition, or diminishing,  
 As take from me thyself, and not me too.  
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,  
 Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?  
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,  
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate?  
 Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,  
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,  
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,  
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,  
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?  
 I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.  
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;  
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:  
 For, if we two be one, and thou play false,  
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,  
 Being strumpeted<sup>6</sup> by thy contagion.  
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;  
 I live dis-stain'd<sup>7</sup>, thou undishonoured.

*Ant. S.* Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:  
 In Ephesus I am but two hours old,  
 As strange unto your town, as to your talk;

<sup>4</sup> — *may'st thou fall*—] To *fall* is here a verb active. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *with the crime of lust*:] Dr. Warburton reads—with the *crime*— So again in this play: "A man may go over shoes in the *crime* of it." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Being strumpeted*—] Shakspeare is not singular in his use of this verb. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"By this adulteress basely *strumpeted*." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *I live dis-stain'd*,] i. e. *unstained, undefiled*. THEOBALD.

Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,  
Want wit in all one word to understand.

*Luc.* Fye, brother! how the world is chang'd with  
you:

When were you wont to use my sister thus?  
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

*Ant. S.* By Dromio?

*Dro. S.* By me?

*Adr.* By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—  
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows  
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

*Ant. S.* Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?  
What is the course and drift of your compact?

*Dro. S.* I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou liest; for even her very words  
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

*Dro. S.* I never spake with her in all my life.

*Ant. S.* How can she thus then call us by our names,  
Unless it be by inspiration?

*Adr.* How ill agrees it with your gravity,  
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,  
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?  
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt<sup>2</sup>,  
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:  
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine<sup>3</sup>;  
Whose weakness, marry'd to thy stronger state<sup>1</sup>,  
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:

<sup>2</sup> —you are from me exempt,] *Exempt*, separated, parted. The sense is, *If I am doomed to suffer the wrong of separation, yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Thou art an elm, my husband; I a vine;*]

*Lenta, qui, velut assitas  
Vitis implicat arbores,  
Implicabitur in tuum  
Complexum.* *Catal.* 57.

So Milton, *Par. Lost.* B. V:

“ ——— They led the vine

“ To wed her elm. She spous'd, about him twines

“ Her marriageable arms.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> —stronger state,] The old copy has—*stranger*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE,

If

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,  
 Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss<sup>2</sup>;  
 Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion  
 Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

*Ant. S.* To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:  
 What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?  
 Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?  
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?  
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,  
 I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy<sup>3</sup>.

*Luc.* Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

*Dro. S.* O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.  
 This is the fairy land;—O, spight of spights!—  
 We talk with goblins, owls<sup>4</sup>, and elvish spights<sup>5</sup>;

If

<sup>2</sup> —idle moss;] i. e. moss that produces no fruit, but being infertile is useless. So, in *Othello*:—"antres vast, and desert *idle*." STEEV.

<sup>3</sup> —the offer'd fallacy.] The old copy reads—"the *freed* fallacy." The emendation was suggested by an anonymous correspondent of Mr. Steevens. Mr. Pope reads, I think, with less probability,—the *favour'd* fallacy; which has been followed by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> We talk with goblins, owls,—] It was an old popular superstition, that the scritch-owl sucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the Italians called witches, who were supposed to be in like manner mischievously bent against children, *strega* from *strix*, the scritch-owl. This superstition they derived from their pagan ancestors. See Ovid. *Fast.* Lib. vi. WARBURTON.

Ghastly owls accompany *elvish* ghosts in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* for June. So, in *Sherrington's* *Discriptio de Anglorum Gentis Origine*, p. 333. *Lares, Lemures, Striges, Lamiae, Manes* (Gastæ dicti) et similes monstrosorum Grege, Elvarum Chorea dicebatur." Much the same is said in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, p. 112, 113. TOLLET.

Owls are also mentioned in *Cornucopiæ, or Pasquil's Nightcap, or Antidote for the Headach*, 1623, p. 38:

"Dreading no dangers of the darksome night,

"No *oules*, hobgoblins, ghosts, nor water-spight." STEEV.

*Owls* was changed by Mr. Theobald into *oups*; and how, it is objected, should Shakspeare know that *striges* or scritch-owls were considered by the Romans as witches? The notes of Mr. Tollet and Mr. Steevens, as well as the following passage in the *London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605, afford the best answer to this question:—"Soul, I think, I am sure cross'd or witch'd with an owl." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —elvish spights;] The epithet *elvish* is not in the first folio, but the second has—*elvis* spights. STEEVENS.

All

If we obey them not, this will ensue,  
They'll ~~kick~~ our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

*Luc.* Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?  
Dromio, thou drone<sup>6</sup>, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

*Dro. S.* I am transformed, master, am not I\*?

*Ant. S.* I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

*Dro. S.* Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

*Ant. S.* Then hast thine own form.

*Dro. S.* No, I am an ape.

*Luc.* If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

*Dro. S.* 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,  
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

*Adr.* Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,  
To put the finger in the eye and weep,  
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—

Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,

And thrive you<sup>7</sup> of a thousand idle pranks:

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,  
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—

Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

*Ant. S.* Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?

Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!

I'll say as they say, and persevere so,

And in this mist at all adventures go.

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

*Adr.* Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.

*Luc.* Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>6</sup> All the emendations made in the second folio having been merely arbitrary, any other suitable epithet of two syllables may have been the poet's word. Mr. Rowe first introduced—*elvis*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Dromio, thou drone,*] The old copy reads—*Dromio, thou Dromio,* &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

\* —am not I? Old copy—am I not. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *And thrive you—*] That is, I will call you to confession, and make you tell your tricks. JOHNSON.

A C T

## ACT III. SCENE 2.

*The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.*

*Ant. E.* Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all ;  
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours :  
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,  
'To see the making of her carkanet<sup>s</sup>,  
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.  
But here's a villain, that would face me down  
He met me on the mart ; and that I beat him,  
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold ;  
And that I did deny my wife and house :—  
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this ?

*Dro. E.* Say what you will, fir, but I know what I know :

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show :  
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

*Ant. E.* I think, thou art an ass.

*Dro. E.* Marry, so it doth appear

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear<sup>9</sup>.  
I should kick, being kick'd ; and, being at that pass,  
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

<sup>s</sup> — *carkanet*,] seems to have been a necklace or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Quarquan*, ornement d'or qu'on mit au col des damoiselles." *Le grand Dict. de Nicot.*—A *Carkanet* seems to have been a necklace set with stones, or strung with pearls. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Marry, so it doth appear*

*By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.*] Mr. Theobald, instead of *doth*, reads—*don't*. MALONE.

I do not think this emendation necessary. He first says, that his *wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *ass* ; but immediately, with a correction of his former sentiment, such as may be hourly observed in conversation, he observes that, if he had been an *ass*, he should, when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again. JOHNSON.

*Ant.*

*Ant. E.* You are sad, signior Balthazar: Pray god, our cheer

May and <sup>of</sup> my good-will, and your good welcome here.

*Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap, fir, and your welcome dear.

*Ant. E. C.* signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish, A tabling-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

*Bal.* Good meat, fir, is common; that every churl affords.

*Ant. E.* And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

*Bal.* Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

*Ant. E.* Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part; Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But soft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

*Dro. E.* Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!

*Dro. S.* [*within*] Mome<sup>2</sup>, malt-horse, capon, cock-comb, idiot, patch<sup>2</sup>!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch: Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

*Dro. E.* What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

*Dro. S.* Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

*Ant. E.* Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

*Dro. S.* Right, fir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

<sup>1</sup> *Mome*,] a dull stupid blockhead, a stock, a post. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed: whatever sum one stakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken: from hence also comes our word *mum*! for silence. HAWKINS.

<sup>2</sup> — *patch*!] i. e. fool. Alluding to the parti-colour'd coats worn by the licens'd fools or jesters of the age. STEEVENS.

*Ant.*

*Ant. E.* Wherefore? for my dinner; I have no din'd to-day.

*Dro. S.* Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

*Ant. E.* What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe<sup>3</sup>?

*Dro. S.* The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

*Dro. E.* O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

*Luce.* [*within*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

*Dro. E.* Let my master in, Luce.

*Luce.* Faith no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

*Dro. E.* O Lord, I must laugh:—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

*Luce.* Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?

*Dro. S.* If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

*Ant. E.* Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope<sup>4</sup>?

*Luce.* I thought to have ask'd you.

*Dro. S.* And you said, no.

*Dro. E.* So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

*Ant. E.* Thou baggage, let me in.

*Luce.* Can you tell for whose sake?

*Dro. E.* Master, knock the door hard.

*Luce.* Let him knock till it ake.

<sup>3</sup> —I owe?] i.e. I own. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —I hope?] A line either preceding or following this, has, I believe, been lost. Mr. Theobald and the subsequent editors read—I *erew*; but that word, and *hope*, were not likely to be confounded by either the eye or the ear. MALONE.

*Ant.*

*Ant. E.* You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

*Luce.* What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

*Adr.* [*within*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

*Dro. S.* By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

*Ant. E.* Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

*Adr.* Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

*Dro. E.* If you went in pain, master, this knave would go fore.

*App.* Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

*Bal.* In debating which was best, we shall part with neither<sup>5</sup>.

*Dro. E.* They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

*Ant. E.* There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

*Dro. E.* You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold<sup>6</sup>.

*Ant. E.* Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

*Dro. S.* Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

<sup>5</sup> — *we shall part with neither.*] In our old language, *to part* signified *to have part*. See Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*, ver. 9504:

"That no wight with his blisse parten shall."

The French use *partir* in the same sense. TYNWHITT.

<sup>6</sup> — *bought and sold.*] This is a proverbial phrase. "To be bought and sold in a company." See Ray's *Collection*, p. 179. edit. 1737.

STEEVENS.



*Dro. E.* A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break not behind.

*Dro. S.* It seems, thou wantest breakin'; Out upon thee, hind!

*Dro. E.* Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

*Dro. S.* Ay, when fowls have no feather, and fish have no fin.

*Ant. E.* Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

*Dro. E.* A crow without feather; master, mean you so? For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather! If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together?

*Ant. E.* Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

*Bal.* Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so;

Herein you war against your reputation,  
And draw within the compass of suspect  
The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this<sup>8</sup>,—Your long experience of her wisdom,  
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,  
Plead on her part<sup>9</sup> some cause to you unknown;  
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse  
Why at this time the doors are made<sup>1</sup> against you.  
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,  
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner:

<sup>7</sup> —*we'll pluck a crow together.*] We find the same quibble on a like occasion in one of the comedies of Plautus.—The children of distinction among the Greeks and Romans had usually birds of different kinds given them for their amusement. This custom Tyndarus in the *Capitines* mentions, and says, that for his part he had *tantum upupam*. *Upupa* signifies both a *lapwing* and a *mattock*, or some instrument of the same kind, employed to dig stones from the quarries. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Once this,*—] This expression appears to me so singular, that I cannot help suspecting the passage to be corrupt. MALONE.

*Once this* may mean, *Once for all*, let me recommend *this* to your consideration. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Your long experience of her wisdom*—

*Plead on her part*—] The old copy reads *your*, in both places. Corrected by Mr. ROWE. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> —*the doors are made*—] To *make* the door, is the expression used to this day in some counties of England, instead of, *to bar the door*.

STEEVENS.

And,

And, to-morrow evening, come yourself alone,  
 To know the reason of this strange restraint.  
 If by strong hand you offer to break in,  
 Now in the stirring passage of the day,  
 A vulgar comment will be made of it;  
 And that supposed by the common rout<sup>2</sup>  
 Against you: yet ungalled estimation,  
 That may with foul intrusion enter in,  
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:  
 For slander lives upon succession<sup>3</sup>;  
 For ever hous'd, where it gets possession.

*Ant. E.* You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,  
 And, in despite of mirth<sup>4</sup>, mean to be merry.  
 I know a bunch of excellent discourse,—  
 Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—  
 There will we dine: this woman that I mean,  
 My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)  
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;  
 To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,  
 And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:  
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;  
 For there's the house; that chain will I bestow,  
 (Be it for nothing but to spight my wife,)  
 Upon mine hostels there: good sir, make haste:  
 Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,  
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

*Ang.* I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

*Ant. E.* Do so; This jest shall cost me some expence.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>2</sup> —supposed by the common rout] *Supposed* is founded on supposition, made by conjecture. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —upon succession;] *Succession* is often used as a quadrissyllable by our author, and his contemporaries. So below, p. 172, *satisfaction* composes half a verse:

“Therefore make present *satisfaction*—.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *And, in despite of mirth,—*] Though mirth hath withdrawn herself from me, and seems determined to avoid me, yet in despite of her, and whether she will or not, I am resolved to be merry. HEATH.

## SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Luc.* And may it be that you have quite forgot  
 A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus, hate,  
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-spring rot?  
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?

H

*5 And may it be, that you have quite forgot  
 An husband's office? Shall, Antipholus, hate  
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-spring rot?  
 Shall love in building grow so ruinate?]* So, in our author's  
 119th Sonnet:

*And ruin'd love, when it is built anew—*

The word *hate* at the end of the second line was supplied by Mr. Theobald; *building*, instead of *buildings*, is also his correction. In support of the former emendation, a passage in our author's 10th Sonnet may be produced:

*“ — thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,  
 “ That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,  
 “ Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,  
 “ Which to repair should be thy chief decay.”*

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

*“ To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours.”*

Stowe uses the adjective *ruinate* in his *Annales*, p. 892. “The last year at the taking down of the old *ruinate* gate—”. MALONE.

The meaning is, Shall thy love-springs rot, even in the spring of love? and shall thy love grow ruinous, even while 'tis but building up?

THEOBALD.

*Love-springs* are young plants of love. See a note on the second scene of the fifth act of *Coriolanus*, where the meaning of this expression is more fully dilated.

The rhyme which Mr. Theobald would restore, stands thus in the old edition: — shall Antipholus—. If therefore instead of *ruinate* we should read *ruinous*, the passage may remain as it was originally written; and perhaps, indeed, throughout the play we should read *Antipbilus*, a name which Shakspeare might have found in P. Holland's translation of Pliny, B. xxxv, and xxxvii. *Antipbilus* was a famous painter, and rival to Apelles.

*Ruinous* is justified by a passage in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act V. sc. iv:

*“ Left growing ruinous the building fall.”*

Throughout the first folio, *Antipholus* occurs much more often than *Antipbilus*,

If you had wed my sister for her wealth,  
 Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness :  
 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth ;  
 Muffle your false love with some show of blindness ;  
 Let not my sister read it in your eye ;  
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ;  
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty ;  
 Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger :  
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted ;  
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;  
 Be secret-false ; What need she be acquainted ?  
 What simple thief brags of his own attain<sup>6</sup> ?  
 'Tis doubt wrong, to truant with your bed,  
 And let her read it in thy looks at board :  
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed ;  
 All deeds are doubled with an evil word.  
 Alas, poor women ! make us but believe<sup>7</sup>,  
 Being compact of credit<sup>8</sup>, that you love us ;  
 Though others have the arm, shew us the sleeve ;  
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.  
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;  
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife :  
 'Tis holy sport, to be a little<sup>9</sup> vain,  
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.  
*Ant. S.* Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I  
 know not,  
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,)  
 Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,  
 Than our earth's wonder ; more than earth divine.

*Antipholis*, even where the rhyme is not concerned ; and were the rhyme  
 defective here, such transgressions are accounted for in other places.

STEEVENS

*Antipholis* occurs, I think, but thrice in the original copy. I have  
 therefore adhered to the other spelling. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *his own attain* ?] The old copy has—*attaine*. The emendation  
 is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *make us but believe*,] The old copy reads—*not believe*. It was  
 corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Being compact of credit*,] Means, *being made altogether of credulity*.  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *vain*,] Is *light of tongue*, not *veracious*. JOHNSON.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak:

Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,  
Smoother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,

The folded meaning of your words' deceit.  
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,

To make it wander in an unknown field?  
Are you a god? would you create me new?

Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.  
But if that I am I, then well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,  
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;

Far more, far more, to you do I decline.  
O, train me not, sweet mermaid<sup>2</sup>, with thy noise,

To drown me in thy sister's flood<sup>3</sup> of tears;  
Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,  
And as a bed I'll take thee<sup>4</sup>, and there lie;

And, in that glorious supposition, think  
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—  
Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink<sup>5</sup>!

*Luc.* What are you mad, that you do reason so?

*Ant. S.* Not mad, but mated<sup>5</sup>; how, I do not know.

<sup>2</sup> — mermaid,] is only another name for *syren*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — in thy sister's flood—] The old copy reads—*sister*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — as a bed I'll take thee,] *Bed*, which the word *lie* fully supports, was introduced in the second folio. The old copy has—*bud*. MALONE.

Mr. Edwards suspects a mistake of one letter in the passage, and would read—I'll take *them*.—Perhaps, however, both the ancient readings may be right:—as a *bud* I'll take *thee*, &c. i. e. I, like an insect, will take thy bosom for a rose, or some other flower, and,

“—phœnix-like beneath thine eye

“Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.”

It is common for Shakspeare to shift hastily from one image to another.

Mr. Edwards's conjecture may, however, receive support from the following passage in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. sc. ii:

“—my bosom as a *bed*

“Shall lodge thee.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!] Love means—the Queen of love. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“Now for the love of love, and her soft hours—” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Not mad, but mated,] i. e. confounded.—So, in *Macbeth*:

“My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.” STEEVENS.

*Luc.*

*Luc.* This is a fault that springeth from your eye.

*Ant. S.* For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

*Luc.* Gaze where<sup>6</sup> you should, and that will clear your sight.

*Ant. S.* A good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

*Luc.* Why call you me love? call my sister so.

*Ant. S.* Thy sister's sister.

*Luc.* That's my sister.

*Ant. S.* No.

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim<sup>7</sup>.

*Luc.* All this my sister is, or else should be.

*Ant.* Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee<sup>8</sup>;

Thou wilt love, and with thee lead my life;

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:

Give me thy hand.

*Luc.* O, soft, sir, hold you still;

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [Exit *Luc.*

*Enter, from the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

*Dro. S.* Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

*Ant. S.* Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

*Dro. S.* I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

<sup>6</sup> Gaze where—] The old copy reads; *when*. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.] When he calls the girl his *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot understand him. Perhaps he means that which he asks of heaven. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —for I aim thee:] The old copy reads—for I am thee. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. Antipholus has just told her, as the same gentleman observes,—that she was his sweet hope's aim. MALONE.

*Ant. S.* What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

*Ant. S.* What claim lays she to thee?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, such a claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

*Ant. S.* What is she?

*Dro. S.* A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

*Ant. S.* How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

*Ant. S.* What complexion is she of?

*Dro. S.* Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

*Ant. S.* That's a fault that water will mend.

*Dro. S.* No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

*Ant. S.* What's her name?

*Dro. S.* Nell, sir;—but her name and three quarters,

<sup>9</sup> *Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters &c.*] The old copy has—her name is three quarters, &c. The emendation was made by Dr. Thirlby. This poor conundrum is borrowed by Massinger, in *The Old Law*, 1653:

<sup>10</sup> *Cook.* That *Nell* was *Hellen* of *Greece*.

<sup>11</sup> *Clown.* As long as she tarried with her husband she was *Ellen*, but after she came to *Troy* she was *Nell* of *Troy*.

<sup>12</sup> *Cook.* Why did she grow shorter when she came to *Troy*?

<sup>13</sup> *Clown.* She grew longer, if you mark the story, when she grew to be an *ell*, &c." MALONE.

that

that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

*Ant. S.* Then she bears some breadth?

*Dro. S.* No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

*Ant. S.* In what part of her body stands Ireland?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

*Ant. S.* Where Scotland?

*Dro. S.* I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

*Ant. S.* Where France?

*Dro. S.* In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair<sup>1</sup>.

*Ant.*

<sup>1</sup> *In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.* The old copy has—her *hair*. The present reading was introduced by the editor of the second folio. Mr. Theobald prefers the old reading, supposing the allusion to be to Henry IV. "whose claim, on the death of his father, in 1589, [and for several years afterwards] the States of France resisted, on account of his being a protestant." MALONE.

With this explication Dr. Warburton concurs; and Sir Thomas Hanmer thinks an equivocation was intended, though he retains *hair* in the text. Yet surely they have all lost the sense in looking beyond it. Our author, in my opinion, only sports with an allusion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his mistress had the French disease. The ideas are rather too offensive to be dilated. By a forehead *armed*, he means covered with incrustated eruptions: by *reverted*, he means having the hair turning backward. An equivocal word must have senses applicable to both the subjects to which it is applied. Both *forehead* and *France* might in some sort make war against their *hair*, but how did the *forehead* make war against its *hair*? JOHNSON.

I think with Sir T. Hanmer, that an equivocation may have been intended. It is of little consequence which of the two words is preserved in the text, if the author meant that two senses should be couched under the same term.—Dr. Johnson's objection, that "an equivocal term must have senses applicable to both the subjects to which it is applied," appears to me not so well founded as his observations in general are; for, though a correct writer would observe that rule; our author is very seldom scrupulous in this particular, the terms which he uses in comparisons scarcely ever answering exactly on both sides. However, as *hair* affords the clearest and most obvious sense, I have placed it in the text. In *King Henry V.* 4to, 1600, we have—

"This



*Ant. S.* Where England?

*Dro. S.* I look'd for the chalky cliffs,<sup>6</sup> but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood by her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

*Ant. S.* Where Spain?

*Dro. S.* Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

*Ant. S.* Where America, the Indies?

*Dro. S.* O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballast<sup>2</sup> at her nose.

*Ant. S.* Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

*Dro. S.* O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assured to her<sup>3</sup>; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith<sup>4</sup>, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

*Ant. S.* Go, hie thee presently post to the road;  
And if the wind blow any way from shore,  
I will not harbour in this town to-night.  
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,  
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.  
If every one know us, and we know none,  
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

*Dro. S.* As from a bear a man would run for life,  
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.]

"This your *beire* of France hath blown this vice in me—" instead of *air*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — to be ballast] i. e. ballasted. So, in *Hamlet*:

" ——— to have the engineer

" *Hoist* with his own petar." i. e. *boisted*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — assured to her;] i. e. affianced to her. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — if my breast had not been made of faith, &c.] Alluding to the superstition of the common people, that nothing could resist a witch's power of transforming men into animals, but a great share of faith.

WARBURTON.

*Ant.*

*Ant. S.* There's none but witches do inhabit here;  
 And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.  
 She, that doth call me husband, even my soul  
 Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,  
 Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,  
 Of such enchanting presence and discourse,  
 Hath almost made me traitor to myself:  
 But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong<sup>s</sup>,  
 I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Master Antipholus?

*Ant. S.* Ay, that's my name.

*Ang.* I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;  
 I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine<sup>6</sup>:  
 The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

*Ant. S.* What is your will, that I shall do with this?

*Ang.* What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

*Ant. S.* Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

*Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:  
 Go home with it, and please your wife withal;  
 And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,  
 And then receive my money for the chain.

*Ant. S.* I pray you, sir, receive the money now,  
 For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

*Ang.* You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

*Ant. S.* What I should think of this, I cannot tell:  
 But this I think, there's no man is so vain,  
 That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.  
 I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,  
 When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.  
 I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;  
 If any ship put out, then strait away. [*Exit.*]

<sup>5</sup> — to self-wrong;] I have met with other instances of this kind of phraseology, but omitted to note them. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—of self-wrong. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — at the Porcupine;] It is remarkable, that throughout the old editions of Shakespeare's plays, the word *Porpentine* is used instead of *Porcupine*. Perhaps it was so pronounced at that time. I have since observed the same spelling in the plays of other ancient authors. Mr. Toller finds it likewise in p. 66 of Ascham's Works by Bennet, and in Stowe's Chronicle in the years 1117, 1135. STEEVENS.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The same.**Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.*

*Mer.* You know, since pentecost the sum is due,  
 And since I have not much importun'd you;  
 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound  
 To Persia, and want gilders<sup>7</sup> for my voyage:  
 Therefore make present satisfaction,  
 Or I'll attach you by this officer.

*Ang.* Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,  
 Is growing to me<sup>8</sup> by Antipholus:  
 And, in the instant that I met with you,  
 He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,  
 I shall receive the money for the same:  
 Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,  
 I will discharge my bond, and thank you too,

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Off.* That labour may you save; see where he comes.

*Ant. E.* While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou  
 And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow  
 Among my wife and her confederates<sup>9</sup>,  
 For locking me out of my doors by day.—  
 But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;  
 Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

*Dro. E.* I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!  
[Exit DROMIO.]

*Ant. E.* A man is well help up, that trusts to you:  
 I promised your presence, and the chain;  
 But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:  
 Belike, you thought our love would last too long,  
 If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

7 — *want gilders*] A *gilder* is a coin valued from one shilling and sixpence, to two shillings. STEEVENS.

8 *Is growing to me*—] i. e. accruing to me. STEEVENS.

9 — *and her confederates*,] The old copy has—*their confederates*. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe, MALONE.

*Ang.*

*Ang.* Saving your merry humour, here's the note,  
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat;  
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;  
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more

Than I stand debted to this gentleman:

I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,  
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

*Ant. E.* I am not furnish'd with the present money;  
Besides, I have some business in the town:

Good signior, take the stranger to my house,  
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife  
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;  
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

*Ang.* Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

*Ant. E.* No; bear it with you, lest I come not time  
enough.

*Ang.* Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

*Ant. E.* An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;  
Or else you may return without your money.

*Ang.* Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;  
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,  
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

*Ant. E.* Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse  
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:  
I should have chid you for not bringing it,  
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

*Mer.* The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

*Ang.* You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

*Ant. E.* Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your  
money.

*Ang.* Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;  
Either send the chain, or send me by some token,

*Ant. E.* Fye, now you run this humour out of breath?  
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

*Mer.* My business cannot brook this dalliance:  
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;  
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

*Ant. E.* I answer you! what should I answer you?

*Ang.* The money, that you owe me for the chain.

*Ant. E.* I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

*Ang.*

*Ang.* You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

*Ant. E.* You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

*Ang.* You wrong me more, sir, in denying it: Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

*Mer.* Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

*Off.* I do;

And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

*Ang.* This touches me in reputation:—

Either consent to pay this sum for me,  
Or I attach you by this officer.

*Ant. E.* Consent to pay thee that I never had!  
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

*Ang.* Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;—  
I would not spare my brother in this case,  
If he should scorn me so apparently.

*Off.* I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

*Ant. E.* I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—  
But, firrah, you shall buy this sport as dear  
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

*Ang.* Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,  
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,  
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,  
And then, sir, she bears away: our fraughtage, sir,  
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought  
The oil, the balsammum, and aqua-vitæ.  
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind  
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,  
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

*Ant. E.* How now, a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,<sup>1</sup>  
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

*Dro. S.* A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

*Ant. E.* Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;  
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

<sup>1</sup> — thou peevish sheep,] *Peevish* is *stupid*. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“Desire my man's abode where I did leave him;

“He's strange and *peevish*.” See a note on Act I. sc. vii.

*Dro. S.* You sent me for a ropes end as soon<sup>2</sup> :  
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

*Ant. E.* I will debate this matter at more leisure,  
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.  
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight ;  
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk  
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,  
There is a purse of ducats ; let her send it ;  
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,  
And that shall bail me : hie thee, slave be gone.  
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, and ANT. E.*]

*Dro. S.* To Adriana ! that is where we din'd,  
Where Dowfabel<sup>3</sup> did claim me for her husband :  
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.  
The less must, although against my will,  
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so ?  
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye  
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no ?  
Look'd he or red, or pale ; or sad, or merrily ?  
What observation mad'st thou in this case,  
Of his heart's meteors<sup>4</sup> tilting in his face ?

*Luc.*

<sup>2</sup> *You sent me for a ropes end as soon ;* ] *Ropes* is here a dissyllable ; the Saxon genitive case. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Where Dowfabel—* ] This name occurs in one of Drayton's Pastorals :

“ He had, as antique stories tell,

“ A daughter cleaped Dowfabel, &c.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face* ] Alluding to those meteors in the sky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock. In this appearance he compares civil wars in another place :

“ Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,

“ All of one nature, of one substance bred,

“ Did lately meet in the intestine shock

“ And furious close of civil butchery.” WARBURTON.

The

*Luc.* First he deny'd you had in him no right.

*Adr.* He meant, he did me none; the more my spight.

*Luc.* Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

*Adr.* And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.

*Adr.* And what said he?

*Luc.* That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.

*Adr.* With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

*Lua.* With words, that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.

*Adr.* Did'tt speak him fair?

*Luc.* Have patience, I beseech.

*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere<sup>5</sup>,

Ill-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapeless every where;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;

Stigmatical in making<sup>6</sup>, worse in mind.

*Luc.* Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

*Adr.* Ah! but I think him better than I say,

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away<sup>7</sup>:

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

*Enter*

The allusion is more clearly explained by the following comparison in the second book of *Paradise Lost*:

"As when, to warn proud cities, war appears

"Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush

"To baffle in the clouds, before each van

"Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears,

"Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms

"From either end of heaven the welkin burns." STEEVENS.

The original copy reads—*Ob*, his heart's meteors, &c. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

5 — *sere*,] that is, *dry*, withered. JOHNSON.

6 *Stigmatical in making*,] That is, *marked* or *stigmatised* by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition. JOHNSON.

7 *Far from her nest the lapwing &c.*] This expression seems to be proverbial. I have met with it in many of the old comick writers. Greene, in his *Second Part of Coney-catching*, 1592, says: "But again to our priggers, who, as before I said—*cry with the lapwing farthest from her nest*, and from their place of residence where their most abode

is."

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste.

*Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath?

*Dro. S.* By running fast.

*Adr.* Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

*Dro. S.* No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:

A devil in an everlasting garment<sup>8</sup> hath him,

One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough<sup>9</sup>;

A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper<sup>2</sup>, one that countermands  
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well<sup>3</sup>;

A bear, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell<sup>4</sup>.

*Adr.*

Nash, speaking of Gabriel Harvey, says—"he withdraweth men, *lapping-like*, from his nest, as much as might be." See this passage yet more amply explained *ante*, p. 22, n. 8. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — an everlasting garment] *Everlasting* was in the time of Shakspeare, as well as at present, the name of a kind of durable stuff. The quibble intended here, is likewise met with in B. and Fletcher's *Woman Hater*:

"—— I'll quit this transitory

"Trade, and get me an everlasting robe,

"Sear up my conscience, and turn *serjeant*." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — a fairy, pitiless and rough<sup>9</sup>] There were fairies like *hobgoblins*, pitiless and rough, and described as malevolent and mischievous, JOHNS.

So Milton: "No goblin, or *fiart fairy* of the mine,

"Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity." MAITONE.

<sup>2</sup> — a shoulder-clapper,] is a *balliff*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;*] To run counter is to run backward, by mistaking the course of the animal pursued; to draw dry-foot is, I believe, to pursue by the track or prick of the foot; to run counter and draw dry-foot well are, therefore, inconsistent. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word counter, which means the wrong way in the chase, and a prison in London. The officer that arrested him was a serjeant of the counter. For the congruity of this jest with the scene of action, let our author answer. JOHNSON.

To draw dry-foot, is when the dog pursues the game by the scent of the foot: for which the blood-hound is famed. GRAY.

<sup>4</sup> — to hell.] Hell was the cant term for an obscure dungeon in any of our prisons. It is mentioned in the *Counter-sat*, a poem, 1658: